THE
MONTHLY VISITOR.

AUGUST, 1801.

SKETCH
OF THE CHARACTER OF THE
RIGHT HON. HENRY ADDINGTON.

Enriched with a capital Portrait in Colours, taken from Life.

IN our past biographical details, we have been studious of variety. Convinced that merit confines itself to no age, or nation, we look for it in Britain, nor have we been disappointed. In civil and religious affairs individual instances have arisen, which shew an enlargement of talent, and a degree of benevolence, which challenge our admiration. The senator, the philosopher, and the divine, have been delineated with sacred fidelity. The events of their lives have been ascertained, and those moral inferences have been drawn which were favourable to the improvement of the readers of our Miscellany.

We mean, this month, to touch on the character of the person whose portrait we have given to our readers. We are sorry to say, that we have little to communicate respecting the private history of this celebrated character. Nothing appears to have been laid before the public respecting him. His character, however, is well known, and may be easily delineated. For many years he has acted a conspicuous part on the theatre of life, and we may with confidence speak of that impression in which the public has long acquiesced.

The native county of this celebrated personage is Devon, and the writer has been shewn the parish which produced this deserving member of society. Of his early years, and his subsequent progress, we are ignorant, but it is highly probable that, at this period, he exerted those talents in an inferior degree by which he has been since distinguished. It may indeed be, that he discovered no indication of future celebrity; this has been the case with many; though the general course of human events proves that the mind of man contains in it seeds which afterwards spring up and ensure a glorious immortality!

The situation in which the subject of our memoir has most attracted the attention, and conciliated the approbation of the public, is the character which he sustained for many years as *Speaker of the House of Commons*. It is well known, that this august assembly distributes itself into two parties. The Ministerialists and Oppositionists make up the collective body which meet within St. Stephen's walls. The former professes to support the honour and dignity of the crown—the latter avow their regard for the rights of the people, and the happiness of mankind. It is the province of the Speaker to adjust those discordant parties—to mitigate the fury of prejudice, and to preserve a spirit of justice and moderation. How far this matter was accomplished by Mr. Addington, may be learnt from the testimonies of both parties. Neither one or the other ever accused him of partiality. Holding the scale with evenness, neither of the sides preponderated. We mention this circumstance, because it redounds to his praise, and cannot fail of commanding our admiration. In the conflict of opinions, and in the heat of debate, a common mind would have been warped, and yielded to the imperious impulses of so critical a situation. Addington, however, remained firm—his mind, like the rock assailed by the furious wave, preserved its accustomed stability.

That this account is really fact, appears from the regret expressed on both sides of the house, when he recently quitted this important station. This circum-

stance shews the justness of his temper and conduct on former occasions. A more unequivocal testimony to his merit cannot be adduced. Such a tribute of respect may be deemed as honourable to him, as it is assuredly honourable to the parties whence it originated. Praise is often partial in its nature and operation. In the present case, the excellence of the late *Speaker of the House of Commons* rests on the broad basis of impartiality.

Of his character, as *Prime Minister*, it may be too early to make a just estimation. He entered upon his office at a most critical period of our affairs. The reasons of Mr. Pitt's resignation we pretend not to ascertain. But, on all hands, it must be confessed that our circumstances are peculiar, and that it requires no ordinary pilot to guide the vessel of the state into the harbour of permanent peace and felicity. Nor can it offend any man to say, that we wish him success in this great and momentous undertaking. The affairs of Europe have been long in a disordered state—we wish to see them happily adjusted. Britain, from her maritime situation, commands the trade of the whole world. Surely she ought, for the same reasons, to be at peace with all mankind. To the horrors of famine, and the devastations of war, we will not advert. But we may be permitted to say—that should Mr. Addington succeed in procuring an HONOURABLE PEACE—and in its train will follow PLENTY—he will then justly be denominated—THE SAVIOUR OF HIS COUNTRY!

A very intelligent correspondent has kindly promised us some further particulars of this great public character, which we shall take the first opportunity of laying before our readers.

THE REFLECTOR.

[No. LIV.]

ALFRED,

AN EPIC POEM, BY JOSEPH COTTLE.

In a deep glen, surrounded by tall rocks
And hanging trees, whose foliage dark, half hid
The light of day, while, with soft melody,
A mountain stream beside him murmuring ran,
Stood ALFRED—poring on his country's wrongs.
COTTLE.

THE second and third books of this pleasing poem are now to be the subject of our consideration. They exhibit the British Monarch in great distress—the Danes were ravaging every part of the island—all opposition was useless. ALFRED therefore is about to retire for a while, that he might burst upon his enemies with success, and shine forth in all the effulgence of victory!

ALFRED having announced to the troops that he must leave them—and withdraw into solitude—

Silent he stood, and with heart-weariness
Chanc'd to espy the brook slow murmuring near,
Whilst interruptions from the stones that strew'd
Its shallow bed, or the thick dancing reeds,
Stay'd not its course, for still, with earnest speed,
And undiverted, fast it roll'd along,
Never to know tranquillity, till mix'd
With the great mass of waters. "So must THOU,"
A voice most sweetly whisper'd—"So must THOU,
Toil on, O king! nor vainly hope to gain
A quiet, till in death that ocean lost!"
The musing prince look'd up—for ODDUNE stood
Before him—

ODDUNE (the Earl of Devon) wishes to accompany Alfred, but he is refused—and then is dismissed "to seek the western land." The king, however, addressing ALSWITHA, exclaims—

He goes, 'mid death and perils! Heav'n will guard
Such worth as his from the night-prowling wolf,
Or fiercer Dane. If ever prince should find
A man like ODDUNE—let him not rejoice
That God hath dealt a crown, but given a—*friend!*

ALFRED next meets with SIGBERT, Abbot of Wilton, who raves against the Danes even to a degree of insanity. The monarch checks his lust of revenge, and beautifully reminds him of the peaceable forgiving spirit of the christian religion—

————"with craving appetite,
Loud will I call for blood! My very joints
Shall snap for extacy at Danish blood."
He ceas'd—convulsions heav'd his frame, his hands
Clench'd each other. When the king replied—
"SIGBERT, thy words are rash, thou hast not yet
Learn'd that great precept, greatest, most divine,
The spirit of the Deity himself,
Thy foes to pity." ————
————Cried the wondering monk,
"Pity the *Danes!*" When Alfred spake, "e'en Danes!
For he our master taught, when he said,
To men more sunk, more lost than Danes themselves,
"Father, forgive! they know not what they do!"
And thou should'st copy him. For Danes I pray
Most ardently, that God would change their hearts,
And give me peace. Yet, said the indignant king,
If these fierce Normanders—these savage men,
Will waste our land, and drench our happy isle
With unoffending blood, and seek our lives,
And thirst for murder—be our arms absolv'd,
And let them perish by the avenging sword!

ALFRED having bidden his troops an adieu, proceeds with the Queen ALSWITHA, and their

infant child, across the heath to Glastonbury Abbey. With this scene the *second* book thus charmingly opens—

"Thou lovely moon!" cried Alfred, as he mov'd
Across the trackless down, all wide and waste,
Bearing his infant child. ALSWITHA lean'd
Upon his arm, for they had wandered long,
And it was night. "Thou lovely moon," he cried,
"How calm thou art! thou journeyest on thy way,
Nor heed'st the many mists that now and then
Awhile conceal thee, for thou passest on,
Casting thine eyes disdainful at the clouds,
The low and scatter'd clouds, that fain would hide
Thy majesty. And have not I a mind,
More vast than is yon orb? an intellect,
That ranges unconfin'd thro' time and space,
Scorning their narrow limits? What is this,
This thinking faculty, that acts and plans
Within me? Is it not, ere long, ordain'd
To cast aside its fetters, and assert
Its native dignity? I *know* it is!
Aye, in those regions where thou sitt'st enthron'd
In empyrean glory, lovely moon!
I feel a sudden and mysterious calm
Shoot thro' my frame. This mind will copy thee!
Go on, ye grovelling clouds! increase in size
And number: gather round my head, and strive
To hide that light eternal! call the winds
And tempests to your aid! yet, undisturb'd,
I will behold your impotence and smile.
Sorrows and pangs of frail humanity!
Upon the wings of ages do ye fly,
Fast as the mists of night, whilst I shall live,
Clad in the robe of immortality,
When yon bright orb is quench'd!"
————————The king,
As meditating thus on lofty themes,
Felt cheer his heart; but soon the busy thoughts
Of his own cares, his country's wrongs, rush'd in,
And he was sad. Mournful he saw his child,
Who on his father's arms lay wondering

At that big lamp on high, whose tranquil beams
On every side shone luminous! And now
With new delight he laughs aloud to see
The full orb'd moon, and leaps with sudden start
Of infant gratulation!

ALFRED now throws off his royal mantle—they meet an old cripple, with whom they divide their only loaf, and the following fine compliment is paid to the virtue of humanity—

————ALFRED turn'd the while,
And to the queen thus spake: "Hear, best belov'd!
Words that from mildness spring. 'Tis well to guard
The plant humanity: tender its leaves,
And he who checks their wild luxuriance
Will find them pine, and from the unfriendly soil
At length slow die away!"

The name of this aged cripple is NIDOR, and he relates his story to the royal couple with an affecting simplicity. His grand theme is the ravages and cruelties of the Danes. He had been bed-ridden for many years, but the fright into which the enemy had thrown him, caused him to recover his strength, and now he was fleeing for safety. They part at the sight of Glastonbury Abbey. A most interesting conversation takes place between ALFRED and ALSWITHA, respecting their present condition. She wishes much to accompany him, but he positively refuses—the king exclaims—

It is most hard! but we shall meet again!
Soon will my feet return, and, I would hope,
With tidings such as thou wilt joy to learn;
But doubt whate'er thou wilt, oh! never doubt
Thy husband's true affection.
————Alfred turn'd
And wept. ALSWITHA mark'd the tear! a tear,
That on her soul engrav'd a character
Deep, and for ever fresh.

The conclusion of the book is particularly impressive—ALSWITHA and her infant are left at Glastonbury Abbey.

——ALFRED now
Beheld his blooming boy—whom thus he spoke,
"Mild infant! thou can'st lift thy hands in sport,
And laugh, unconscious of the cares that press
Thy wretched parents, but the hour will come
When these light dreams shall vanish, when thy heart
Shall sink within thee, and the passing clouds
Seem leagu'd against thy peace. Delighted child!
Go on to smile, stretch out thy little arms
In nature's holiday, and chant thy song
Untutor'd, heedless of thy coming wrongs,
But they will soon o'ertake thee. Few and evil
Are man's appointed days, and such indeed
Thy Sire has found them. May a double share,
His, and thine own, have lain upon him! Child!
Beloved child! if thou should'st never more
Behold these eyes, nor at a riper age
Receive a father's blessing, may high heaven
Protect thee! God of heaven and earth look down
And save my child! ALSWITHA, now farewell!"
She answered not, and, as he mov'd away,
Sorrowing, his boy held out his little hands,
And chang'd from smiles to tears. "O, fare thee well!"
Cried ALFRED, "fare thee well!" Then towards the hall
With solemn step he walked.

ALFRED then recommends his wife and child to the abbot in a most affectionate manner—

"When thro' the lofty gateway slow he pass'd!"

STONEHENGE, ON SALISBURY PLAIN,

Described by the Rev. Richard Warner.

SALISBURY Plain is a boundless extent of downs, tenanted only by the listless shepherd, his faithful dog, and their fleecy care. In vain the eye looks round for some object to relieve the uniformity of the scene; all is flat, bare, and desolate, nothing interposing between it and the distant horizon. In the midst of this solitude, the little valley in which Amesbury is situated at length appears, pleasingly contrasting the wide expanse of sterility through which we have been wandering, by the beautiful wooded hill sloping up from the mansion of the Duke of Queensbury; and crowned on its summit by a huge remain of Roman castrametation, a camp of Vespasian. His Grace's house, the only ornament of a village that gave birth to the amiable Addison, was from the design of Inigo Jones, and, like most of the other buildings of this architect, is simple and classical. Agreeably to the taste of the last age, it stands in a flat, through which the Avon winds its eccentric course; although the hill at its back offered a more commanding, and perhaps a more wholesome, situation. This, however, was reserved for the gardener to display his skill upon; who has performed his work by forming its face into a zig-zag ascending path, and cutting the woods on its head into rectilinear walks. On this scite of this mansion a nunnery formerly stood, (founded by Elfrida) whose inmates had imbibed so much of the spirit of their patroness, that they were expelled by Henry II. for their ill lives. But the prince quickly transplanted to the spot from Normandy another bevy of the same useless beings, who continued

here till Henry VIII. involved both nuns and monks in one general destruction. The scite of the monastery was then granted to Edward Earl of Hertford, from whose family it passed into that of the nobleman who at present possesses it. A new scene now exhibited itself at Amesbury, and in lieu of the senseless superstitions of monastic life, this seat, under the auspices of the Queensbury family, became the theatre of wit and elegant literature; the spot where Pope occasionally indulged his satyrical muse; the gentle Gay pursued his moral song; and Addison unbent his cultivated mind. At present such are the singular revolutions to which all human things are subject, it serves again the unholy purpose of marring the bountiful designs of Providence, and destroying the uses of youth and beauty, by affording a prison for thirty-three nuns, all of English families, and formerly settled in Lorraine in France. We went to visit the sisterhood, but it was a melancholy scene; the languor and sadness of every countenance too clearly marked that depressed state of mind, which is, of course, induced by the attempt to extinguish the feelings of nature; and to triumph over passions that, under proper regulation, are so necessary to the state and circumstances of human beings; nor could we quit so many female charms in hopeless thraldom, without dropping an execration against that—

"Sad Institution, which austerely draws
The female heart from nature's genial laws;
Strangles Heav'n's bounty. and converts to woe
The plenteous source whence joy and life should flow."

Our visit to another monument of superstition, in the neighbourhood of Amesbury, was attended with very different emotions; this is Stonehenge, constructed between two diverging roads, one run-

ning to Warminster, the other to Deptford Inn, at a short distance from this point of division. The distant effect of this stupendous fabric is not so striking as the description of its magnitude might lead us to imagine, since, being an isolated object, situated in the heart of the plain, without any thing around it, for a standard of comparison, every impression of its greatness is swallowed up and overwhelmed in that idea of immensity which the prospect on every side presents to the mind. This very circumstance of unaccompanied locality, however, heightens, perhaps, the effect of the fabric when we approach it; for the mind, not being interrupted or distracted by neighbouring objects, bends its undivided attention to the solitary wonder before it. The monument consists of four concentric arrangements of stones, the two outward circular, the two inner elliptical; the whole surrounded by a ditch, at the distance of one hundred and five feet from the external circle of stones. Of the outermost circle the general dimensions are, height, about fourteen feet; thickness, between three and four; breadth, between six and seven; they consisted of thirty rude upright pillars, standing between three and four feet apart from each other, crowned or connected together at the top by as many imposts or tranverse stones, each about ten feet in length, and three feet in thickness; the whole forming a large circular inclosure, ninety-seven in diameter. The interval or space between the two stones, which point exactly north-east, is greater than between the other columniations, and seems to have been purposely widened in order to afford an entrance into the interior of the structure. Only seventeen of these upright stones, and six of the connecting ones, are now in their original situation. The second circular arrangement occurs at nine feet distance from the inner side of the one I

have just described, consisting of smaller upright ones, none of them connected together at the top by imposts, except that which fronted the entrance, and which was evidently intended for a second gateway or portal to the more sacred parts of the edifice. This circumstance, though never noticed before, is sufficiently demonstrable from the impost, furnished with mortices to receive the tenons of the uprights, which lies in the immediate neighbourhood of the latter. The number of the smaller uprights seem to have been twenty-nine; of these nine only retain their original position. Thirteen feet within this second circle is the third arrangement of stones, which assume an oval shape, about sixty feet in its longer diameter, and fifty-two in its shorter; and was anciently formed by seven Trilithons, or combinations of stones, each consisting of two uprights, and an incumbent impost, separate and distinct from each other. The height of the largest pair of uprights is twenty-eight feet, the breadth of each seven feet, and the thickness three feet, gradually tapering from the basis to the summit. The imposts, one with the other, measure about sixteen feet in length, four feet six inches in breadth, and two feet six inches in thickness; each Trilithon is supposed to weigh about seventy tons. Two only of these compages are now standing; one having given way and fallen after the thaw in January 1797. The south-western Trilithon, and indeed all the stones towards that point, are higher than the others, and seem to have risen, by a gradual elevation, to a more majestic size, in proportion as they receded from the entrance into the pile.

Within these enormous compages of stones another elliptical range of uprights occurs, smaller than those before mentioned, but gradually increasing in height and magnitude towards the back of

the temple, and tapering from the basis upwards. They were nineteen in number; two feet and a half broad; one and a half thick; and eight feet high. Towards the upper end of the last arrangement in the adytum stands the altar, or hearth-stone, originally one vast stone, four feet broad and sixteen feet long, broken at present into three fragments, all imbedded deeply in the earth. On this, the carcases of the victims, or at least such parts of them as the priests devoted to the gods, were consumed by fire.

Every member of this vast fabric displays the marks of labour, and the contrivances of ingenuity. Traces of the chissel, handled with skill, are every where visible in the elegant forms into which the vast Trilithons, and lesser upright pillars, have been wrought, and in the mortices which accommodated the transverse stones to the tenons of their supporters. The admeasurements also are exact, and seem to have been uniformly taken from the ancient Egyptian cubit, of twenty inches and four-fifths, English, to each.

One hundred feet from the outward arrangements of stone is, as I have before observed, a circular ditch, about thirty feet in breadth, formed by two parallel banks, entirely encircling the whole, except on the north-east point, where a gap occurs, affording entrance originally into the pile. Close to this gap is a huge solitary stone, lying on the ground, twenty feet in length, and six feet seven inches in breadth, which seems to have been intended for the first process in the bloody rites of Druidism—the immolation of human and other victims offered to their sanguinary gods.

One hundred feet further to the north-east, and immediately opposite to the entrance just mentioned, another vast stone occurs, upwards of seventeen feet high, but standing a little out of the perpen-

dicular, and bending towards the temple. This may be considered as the *pillar of memorial*, a customary appendage to the Gentile places of worship in the early ages, which the Jews, when about to take possession of the land of Canaan, were strictly enjoined to overturn and destroy. "Ye shall utterly destroy all the places wherein the nations that ye shall possess, served their gods, upon the high mountains, and upon the hills, and upon every green tree; and you shall overthrow their *altars* and break their *pillars*, and burn their groves with fire; and you shall hew down the graven images of their gods, and destroy the names of them out of that place." Two other smaller stones are found on the inner bank of the surrounding ditch, exactly opposite to each other, in a direction east and west; as well as two circular depressions, about sixteen feet diameter, in the same bank, the one lying S. S. E. and the other W. N. W. probably designed for the reception of the blood of the victims which were slain; according to the description of a similar excavation mentioned by Homer, when Ulysses says—

"I from the scabbard drew the shining sword,
And turning the black earth on every side,
A cavern form'd, a cubit long and wide.
—Then died the sheep; a purple torrent flow'd,
And all the cavern smoak'd with steaming blood."

Half a mile directly north of Stonehenge, but evidently connected with it, is a magnificent *cursus*, or Hippodrome, where the assembled multitudes, on high and festal days, celebrated those various exercises, sports, and races, which, it is well known, attended all the public and solemn religious meetings of the ancients. This runs in a direction east and west, to the extent of six thousand Phœnician cubits, or ten thousand English feet;

commencing on the declivity of a gentle hill, passing through the valley, and climbing the gradual ascent of another elevation. It is included within two parallel ditches and banks, three hundred and fifty feet distant from each other; a vast oblong barrow terminates it at the eastern end, on which, probably, the judges were stationed to determine the prizes; whilst the other extremity is bent into a curve, like the ancient *stadia*, in conformity to whose sweep the chariots and racers took their course, in order to return to the goal from whence they had set out. The avenue from the temple directs itself towards the eastern end of this *cursus*, making an angle of forty-five with the meridional line; and, approaching it within one thousand cubits, suddenly divides itself into two ramifications; that on the left joining the *cursus* in a north-western direction, that on the right pursuing its way, in the same proportion of divergence, up a hill, and terminating amid two groupes of barrows, each consisting of seven. Two gaps in the banks, immediately opposite to the strait avenue that conducts to the temple, seem to evince, that this also was originally continued on, till it reached the *cursus*.

In estimating the toil and labour bestowed upon Stonehenge, it is necessary for us to take into consideration the materials with which it is constructed, and the places from whence such materials were brought; as these particulars may serve to prove the immense exertions to which men can be stimulated, when under the united influence of superstition and vanity. These materials consist of three sorts of stones, *sarson*, or *silicious grit*, *green granite*, and *micacious grit*. The first used for the outer compages, or circle, and the Trilithons; the second in the small uprights; the third for the altar, or hearthstone. The *grey wethers*, as they are

called, which cover Wroughton, Lockeredge, Clatford, and Kennet bottoms, in the neighbourhood of Marlborough, fruitful only in enormous stones, furnished the *sarson*, or silicious grit; the *granite* must have been brought from Dartmoor, in Devonshire, as there is none met with to the eastward of that place; the spot from whence the *micacious grit* was brought, is uncertain.

Curiosity has in all ages been naturally excited as to the designation of this structure, the purpose for which such vast trouble and pains were exerted; and giants and conjurors, Britons, Saxons, and Danes, have, in turn, been complimented with the arduous task.

" Thou noblest monument of Albion's Isle!
Whether by Merlin's aid from Scythia's shore
To Amber's fatal plain Pendragon bore,
Huge frame of giant-hands, the mighty pile,
T' entomb his Britons slain by Hengist's guile;
Or Druid priests, sprinkled with human gore,
Taught mid thy massy maze their mystic lore:
Or Danish chiefs, enrich'd with savage spoil,
To Victory's idol vast, an unhewn shrine,
Rear'd the rude heap; or, in thy hallow'd round,
Repose the king of Brutus' genuine line;
Or here those kings in solemn state were crown'd:
Studious to trace thy wond'rous origin,
We muse on many an ancient tale renown'd."

It seems now to be generally understood and allowed, that Stonehenge is a monument of Druidical superstition. Mr. King, indeed, with much learning and ingenuity, in the first part of his noble work *Munimenta Antiqua*, has established this beyond controversy; and at the same time endeavoured to prove, that the rites observed in it were precisely similar to the superstitious practices of the ancient Moabites; that Stonehenge was the *great high place* of British Paganism; that the outer

stone was the *pillar* of *memorial*; the mass at the entrance of the ditch, the *slaughtering-stone* for killing the victims; the excavations in the banks, pits for receiving blood; the Trilithons, *high altars of oblation* for placing the sacrifices upon before they were consumed; and the *great stone* within the whole, the spot on which the last rite was performed, that of consuming the victims by fire. On considering most accurately the whole of this magnificent remain of antiquity, and reading with equal attention the observations of Mr. King upon it, I cannot but profess myself to be completely convinced by his arguments of the truth of what he wishes to establish; but, in addition to his conclusion, I would further assert, that although Stonehenge be a Druidical monument, it still is of considerably later date than many other remains of a similar nature in the kingdom. Indeed I do not believe it to have been the work of the *original* inhabitants of Britain.

MAXIMS AND MORAL REFLECTIONS,

By the Duke de la Rochefoucault.

FROM THE FRENCH.

THE Encyclopædia Britannica furnishes us with the following account of this nobleman's character:—Francis Duke de la Rochefoucault, Prince of Marsilac, Governor of Poitou, was the son of Francis, the first Duke of Rochefoucault, and distinguished himself on several occasions by his courage and prudence. He wrote two excellent works; the one a book of Maxims, and the other, Memoirs of the Regency of Queen Anne of Austria. It was partly at the instigation of the beautiful Duchess de Longueville, that the Duke de Rochefoucault engaged in the civil wars, in which he sig-

nalized himself, particularly at the battle of St. Antoine. Beholding one day a portrait of this lady, he wrote underneath it those two lines, from the tragedy of Alcyoneus—

"Pour meriter son cœur, pour plaire a ses beaux yeux,
J'ai fait la guerre aux rois, je l'aurois fait aux deux."

"To gain her heart, and please her sparkling eyes,
I've warr'd with kings, and would have brav'd the skies."

The author of the Maxims was not a member of the French academy. The necessity of making a public speech the day of his reception, was the only cause that he did not claim admittance. This nobleman, with all the courage he had displayed on various critical occasions, and with his superiority of birth and understanding over the common run of men, did not think himself capable of facing an audience, to utter only four lines in public, without being out of countenance. He died at Paris in 1680, aged 68.

ABILITY.

1. The desire of appearing to be persons of ability often prevents our being so.

2. Some weak people are so sensible of their weakness, as to be able to make a good use of it.

3. The height of ability consists in a thorough knowledge of the real value of things, and of the genius of the age in which we live.

4. It requires no small degree of ability to know when to conceal one's ability.

5. Few men are able to know all the ill they do.

6. There are some affairs, and distempers, which ill-timed remedies make worse; and great ability is requisite to know when it is dangerous to apply them.

ACCENT.

7. The character of a man's native country is as strongly impressed on his mind, as its accent is on his tongue.

ACCIDENTS.

8. No accidents are so unlucky from which the prudent may not draw some advantage; nor are there any so lucky, which the imprudent may not turn to their prejudice.

9. Accidents sometimes happen from which a man cannot well extricate himself without a spice of madness.

ACTIONS.

10. Those great actions whose lustre dazzles us, are represented by politicians as the effects of deep design; whereas they are commonly the effects of caprice and passion. Thus the war between Augustus and Antony, generally attributed to their ambition to give a master to the world, was probably owing to jealousy only.

11. Men may boast of their great actions, but they are oftener the effect of chance than of design.

12. Our actions would seem to be under the influence of good or bad stars, to which they owe great part of the praise or blame they meet with.

13. How brilliant soever an action may be, it ought not to pass for great, when it is not the effect of great design.

14. There ought to be a certain proportion between our designs and actions, if we would reap from them all the advantages they might produce

15. Our actions are like blank verse, which every one recites in his own manner.

16. We should often be ashamed of our best actions, if the world knew the real motives which produce them.

17. To praise great actions, is in some degree to share them.

ADVICE.

18. There is nothing of which we are so liberal as of advice.

19. Nothing is less sincere than the manner of asking, and of giving advice. He who asks it would seem to have a respectful deference for the opinion of his friend; though he only aims at having his own approved of, and making his friend responsible for his conduct. On the contrary, he who gives it repays the confidence reposed in him by a seemingly disinterested zeal, though he seldom means any thing by the advice he gives but his own interest or reputation.

20. There is nearly as much ability requisite to know how to make use of good advice, as to know how to act for one's self.

21. We may give advice, but we cannot give conduct.

AFFECTATION.

22. We are never made so ridiculous by the qualities we have, as by those we affect to have.

23. We had better appear to be what we are, than affect to appear what we are not.

AFFLICTION.

24. Interest and vanity are the usual sources of our afflictions, however specious may be our pretences to the contrary.

25. There are in affliction several kinds of hypocrisy. Under the pretence of bewailing the loss of a person who was dear to us, we weep for ourselves: we regret the good opinion the deceased had of us: we weep over the diminution of our fortune, of our pleasure, of our importance. Thus have the dead the honour of tears which stream only for the living. This is a kind of hypocrisy; because in this sort of affliction we impose on ourselves. There is another hypocrisy, which is less innocent, because it imposes on the world. This

is the affliction of such as aspire to the glory of a great and immortal sorrow. When time, which consumes all things, has worn out the grief which they really had, they still persist in their tears, lamentations, and sighs, they assume a mournful behaviour; and labour by all their actions to demonstrate that their affliction will not in the least abate till death. This disagreeable troublesome vanity is common among ambitious women. As their sex bars all the paths to glory, they endeavour to render themselves remarkable by the ostentation of an inconsolable affliction. There is still another species of tears whose shallow springs easily overflow, and dry away as easily. Some people weep in order to acquire the reputation of being tender; others weep in order to be pitied; others weep that they may be wept over; and some even weep to avoid the scandal of not weeping.

26. We sometimes lose friends whom we regret more than we grieve for; and others for whom we grieve, yet do not regret.

27. Most women lament not the death of their lovers so much out of real affection for them, as because they would appear worthy of having been beloved.

AGE.

28. Most people, as they approach old age, shew in what manner their mind and body will decay.

29. We arrive novices at the several ages of life, and often want experience, notwithstanding we have had years enough to learn it.

AGREEABLENESS.

30. We judge so superficially of things, that common words and actions, spoke and done in an agreeable manner, with some knowledge of what passes in the world, often succeed beyond the greatest ability.

31. We may say of agreeableness, as distinct from beauty, that it is a symmetry whole rules are unknown; it is a secret conformity of the features to one another, and to the complexion and air of a person.

AMBITION.

32. The ambitious deceive themselves in proposing an end to their ambition: that end, when attained, becomes a mean.

33. When great men suffer themselves to be subdued by the length of their misfortunes, they discover that it was the strength of their ambition, not of their understanding, which supported them; and that, allowing for a little vanity, heroes are just like other men.

34. The greatest ambition entirely conceals itself, when it finds that what it aspired to is unattainable.

35. What seems to be generosity is often no more than a disguised ambition, which overlooks little interests in order to gratify great ones.

36. Moderation must not claim the merit of combating and conquering ambition; for they can never exist in the same subject. Moderation is the languor and sloth of the soul, as ambition is its activity and ardour.

37. We pass often from love to ambition: but we seldom return from ambition to love.

APPLICATION.

38. Those who apply themselves too much to little things, commonly become incapable of great ones.

39. Few things are impracticable in themselves; and it is for want of application, rather than of means, that men fail of success.

APPEARANCE.

40. In every profession, every one affects to appear what he would willingly be thought: so that

we may say, The world is composed of nothing but appearances.

AVARICE.

41. Misers mistake gold for their good; whereas it is only a mean of attaining it.

42. Avarice is more opposite to œconomy than liberality.

43. Extreme avarice almost always makes mistakes. There is no passion that oftener misses its aim; nor on whch the present has so much influence, in prejudice of the future.

44. Avarice often produces contrary effects. There are many people who sacrifice their whole fortunes to dubious and distant expectations; and there are others who contemn great future for little present advantages.

BENEFITS.

45. We like better to see those on whom we confer benefits, than those from whom we receive them.

46. Men are not only apt to forget benefits and injuries, but even to hate those who have obliged them, and to cease to hate those who have injured them. The very attention to requite kindness, and revenge wrongs, seems to be an insupportable slavery.

47. Every body takes pleasure in returning small obligations; many persons even acknowledge moderate ones; but there is scarcely any one who does not repay great obligations with ingratitude.

BUSINESS.

48. The rust of business is sometimes polished off in a camp; but never in a court.

CIVILITY.

49. Civility is a desire to receive civility, and to be accounted well-bred.

(To be continued.)

A PICTURE
OF
THE FEMALE CHARACTER,
AS IT OUGHT TO APPEAR WHEN FORMED.

By the late Dr. Horne, Bishop of Norwich.

THE picture I shall present, among other advantages, has that of antiquity. It was drawn by a masterly hand near three thousand years ago. The description I mean, is that left us of a virtuous woman, by the wisest of men, in the last chapter of the book of Proverbs; a description which all mothers and mistresses should teach the female pupils under their care, to read and learn by heart.

"Who can find a virtuous woman? For her price is far above rubies." Such a one is to be found, but not without care and diligence in the search. She is well worth the pains taken in the forming her, and more to be valued by her happy possessor, than all the brightest diamonds in the mines of the east.

"The heart of her husband doth safely trust in her, so that he shall have no need of spoil." A well-nurtured woman is man's best and truest friend. Her fidelity is inviolable as the covenant of the most High, and her purity unsullied as the light of heaven. Absent, as well as present, her husband relies on her, for the preservation of his possessions, and of herself, the dearest and most precious of all. With such a steward at home, freed from care and anxiety, he goes forth to his own employment, whatever it may be. He has no occasion to rob others by sea or land; to plunder provinces or starve nations. Instead of her squandering his

substance to gratify her own vanity and folly, the economy of his wife furnishes the supplies, and nothing is wanting in due time and place.

"She will do him good, and not evil, all the days of her life." She will never abuse this confidence reposed in her, but endeavour to render herself daily more and more worthy of it. And even if her endeavours should not always meet with the desired success; if the good man should happen sometimes to be a little out of spirits, or out of temper, she will not therefore become so too. Her cheerfulness will revive and restore him. She will still "do him good, and not evil," while he lives; and if she survive him, will continue to shew the same kind attention and regard to his family, and to his character. "My Servius," said the Roman Valeria, holding in her arms the urn which contained the ashes of her husband—my Servius, "though dead to the rest of the world, can never be otherwise than alive to me."

Solomon's description of a virtuous woman consists of twenty-two verses. It is well worthy your observation, that eleven of these verses (half the number) are taken up in setting forth her *industry*, and the effects of it. I shall recite all these together, that you may see what a variety of magnificent language is made use of, to describe her different employments, to recommend simplicity of manners, and make good housewifery and honest labour to be admired, in the rich and noble, as well as the poor and obscure among women. For you must bear in mind, that in works of the several kinds here mentioned, queens and princesses, of old time, disdained not to be occupied. You will likewise be pleased to consider, that if the rich are exempted from the necessity of working for *themselves*, they cannot be better employed than in working for the *poor*; since "the coats and gar-

ments" made by the charity of Dorcas, were judged the best proofs of her goodness that could be submitted to the inspection of an apostle.

"She seeketh wool and flax, and worketh willingly with her hands. She layeth her hands to the spindle, and her hands hold the distaff. She girdeth her loins with strength, and strengtheneth her arms. She riseth also while it is yet night, and giveth meat to her household, and a portion to her maidens. She looketh well to the ways of her household, and eateth not the bread of idleness. She is not afraid of the snow for her household, for they are all clothed with double garments. She maketh herself coverings of tapestry, her clothing is silk and purple. She maketh fine linen and selleth it, and delivereth girdles to the merchant. She perceiveth that her merchandise is good: her candle goeth not out by night. She is like the merchants' ships, she bringeth her food from afar. She considereth a field, and buyeth it; with the fruit of her hands she planteth a vineyard."—On account of this her marvellous and unceasing diligence, with the many and great advantages derived thereby to her family, well may it be said, as it is said of her, "Strength and honour are her clothing, and she shall rejoice in time to come."

But the honour is not confined to herself. It extendeth to her friend and her companion in life: "Her husband is known in the gates, when he sitteth among the elders of the land."—That is, he is known as *her* husband; as a man blessed with such a wife; as indebted, perhaps, for his promotion, to the wealth acquired by her management at home (for honours are seldom open to the poor); for the splendour and elegance of his apparel, to the labour of her hands; and, it may be, for the preservation and establishment of his virtue and integrity, to the encouragement, in all that is holy,

and just, and good, furnished by her example, as well as by her conversation, the nature of which is thus described—"She openeth her mouth with wisdom, and in her tongue is the law of kindness." She thinks before she speaks; and, therefore, neither introduces a bad subject, nor disgraces a good one by an improper manner of discoursing on it. And as charity reigns in her heart, nothing that is uncharitable proceeds out of her mouth: all is lenient and healing. To express the whole in a few words, she says nothing that is foolish, and nothing that is ill-natured. But her charity is shewn in deeds as well as words—"She stretcheth out her hand to the poor; yea, she reacheth forth her hands to the needy." This is yet another good effect of her economy and management. She is not only able to provide plentifully for her household, but has always something in store for the poor. Since what avails a charitable disposition, where vanity, folly, and extravagance have taken away the power to exert it? In vain is "the hand stretched out," when there is nothing in it.

Having thus considered this finished character of the virtuous woman, we shall not be surprised at the praise bestowed on it, in the remaining verses of the chapter.—"Her children rise up, and call her blessed; her husband also, and he praiseth her," saying, "Many daughters have done virtuously; but thou excellest them all." Happy the children of such a mother; they will be living proofs of the care taken by her in their education, when she taught them to walk, by the paths of honour and virtue, to the mansions of rest and glory. Happy the husband of such a wife, who sees all things prosper under her direction, and the blessing of heaven derived to his family through her. They will all join in proclaiming, that among women who do well, honour is chiefly due to the

virtuous and diligent wife, the affectionate and sensible mother.

" Favour," or rather, " gracefulness is deceitful, and beauty is vain; but a woman that feareth the Lord, she shall be praised." A graceful person, and a set of fine features, are valuable things, but they are not always to be trusted; they may conceal tempers and dispositions very different from those one should have expected to find: and bitter than wormwood must then be the disappointment of the man, who has been directed in his choice by no other considerations. This, I say, *may* be the case. Let us hope it is not often so. God forbid it should. The face ought to be an index to the mind, and when all is fair without, as it is said of the king's daughter in the psalm, " all should be glorious within." But let beauty have its due praise, and suppose what you will of it—suppose all that the poets say of it be true: still the wise man tells you, it is *vain*, it is in its nature transient, fleeting, perishing; it is the flower of the spring which must fade in autumn; and when the blossom falls, if no fruit succeed, of what value, I pray you, is the tree? The grave is already opening for the most elegant person that moves, and the worms are in waiting to feed on the fairest face that is beholden. Labour, then, for that which endureth for ever: let your chief pains be bestowed on that part of the human composition, which shall flourish in immortal youth, when the world and all that is in it shall disappear, and come no more into mind. " A woman that feareth the Lord, she shall be praised. Give her of the fruit of her hands, and let her own works praise her in the gates." The crown, which her own hands have thus formed, shall be placed upon her head, as it were by general consent, even in this life, and her good deeds, celebrated in the public assemblies,

shall diffuse an odour grateful as the smell of Eden, as the cloud of frankincense ascending from the holy altar. When her task is ended, the answer of a good conscience, and the blessings of all around, sweeter than the sweetest music, shall chant her to her repose; till awakened on the great morning of the world, descending angels shall introduce this daughter of Jerusalem into the joy of her Lord.

Such is the female character, and such the importance of forming it by education. Without education it cannot be formed; for we are all born equally ignorant, and are what we are by instruction.

ESSAY
ON BENEVOLENCE,

BY A YOUNG LADY.

And from the pray'r of want, and plaint of woe,
O, never, never, turn away thine ear;
Forlorn in this bleak wilderness below,
Ah! what were man should heaven refuse to hear!
To others do—(the law is not severe)
What to thyself thou wishest to be done;
Forgive thy foes, and love thy parents dear,
And friends, and native land, nor those alone,
All human weal and woe--learn thou to make thine own! BEATTIE'S MINSTREL.

HUMAN nature is so constituted, that without society existence would soon become insupportable. We are formed with such dispositions, as to be incapable of happiness without the mutual intercourse of friendship; though surrounded with every delight which fancy could wish, or the most fertile imagination paint, yet, secluded from society, we must still feel forlorn and unhappy; the

most exquisite enjoyments would become tasteless and insipid, and life itself prove an intolerable burden. Hence it evidently appears, that no individual was created solely for himself, but intended to augment the general felicity of the species; the social and friendly affections were implanted in our nature in order to stimulate us to those mutual acts of kindness and good-will, without which the world would prove a desert, and human beings sink almost to a level with the brute creation.

If then it appears that the reciprocal aids of friendship are thus necessary to the comfort of existence, it must surely be our highest interest to cultivate those dispositions which may tend to render society permanently agreeable; amongst the foremost of which, may be reckoned the exercise of pure and extensive BENEVOLENCE; this is a virtue of so comprehensive a nature, as to include in it almost every thing which is requisite for human felicity. Were all mankind to act upon this principle, the world would be in a manner metamorphosed; happiness and joy would spring up in every region, and a very large proportion of the miseries of life would be abolished.

That this virtue has the most direct tendency beyond any other, to promote the welfare of society, will not, I think, admit of a doubt. The man who is possessed of a truly benevolent spirit, will consider the happiness of his fellow-creatures as intimately connected with his own; whatever may, in any degree, tend to advance *their* interests, or meliorate *their* sufferings, he will not on any account neglect or disregard. Looking upon himself as united by the closest ties to the whole universe of intelligent beings, his affection will not be partially confined to a few individuals, with whom he is personally acquainted. It will be extended to the whole creation. Though the actual exertions

of his philanthropy must necessarily be confined in a very narrow circle, his benevolent affections will be far from being thus limited; conscious how much he is indebted to others for a very large share of the comforts of his life, he will be anxious by every means in his power to repay the obligation. In imparting happiness to others he will be continually receiving fresh accessions to his own; every opportunity of rendering essential benefit to society, or even to the meanest individual, will afford him the most rational and sublime satisfaction.

Personal dangers he will readily encounter, whenever the public good demands so important a sacrifice. The prospect of becoming instrumental in promoting the best interests of his country, or of mankind at large, will inspire him with calmness and fortitude in the most trying situations, and animate him to encounter with chearfulness every kind of difficulty which can attend the execution of his purposes. Emergencies may occur, in which he will not think it too much to hazard even life itself, when by such a sacrifice any considerable accession of good may result to the community.

Nor will he be less attentive to the humbler, and less ostentatious, though not less praise-worthy, duties of benevolence, which are continually presenting themselves to our notice in the more retired scenes of private life. Various and innumerable are the distresses to which humanity is exposed. Misery, in a thousand horrid forms, intrudes herself into the dwellings of mortals, in order to embitter the cup of human life, and poison the comforts of existence. What an exquisitely gratifying employment to the benevolent mind to be in any degree instrumental in expelling the unwelcome intruder from the abodes of suffering humanity, and to be the means of changing the bitterness of complaint into songs of chearfulness and joy! What a

field is here opened for the exercise of all the finer sensibilities of the generous mind, and the gratification of those humane and virtuous feelings which are the highest ornament and perfection of our nature! By a mind, endued with such feelings, the sufferings even of the brute creation will not be contemplated with an eye of indifference. Depraved and unfeeling must be the heart which could wantonly torture even the minutest insect. True benevolence will teach us a very different conduct; will teach us to consider every act of cruelty to the animal tribe as an outrage against the gracious Parent of the universe, by whom *they*, as well as ourselves, were created, and by whom *they* were intended to participate in the general felicity.

Candour towards the failings of others is another prominent feature of this amiable virtue. The benevolent man, conscious of many defects in his own character, will not think himself at liberty rashly to condemn the actions or intentions of his neighbour; should his actions have been represented in an unfavourable light, he will consider how frequently reports exaggerates; and if (as is very rarely the case) it should appear that rumour has, in any instance, spoken the precise truth, still he will make every candid allowance which the case will admit. Far from taking a malicious pleasure in reciting and magnifying the failings of others, he will consider that many have been his own deviations from the paths of rectitude; he will reflect that his offending brethren are beings of the same nature with himself, subject to the same passions, and liable to be overcome by the same temptations; consequently, that had he been placed in *their* circumstances, and exposed to the like trials, he is by no means certain that his own integrity would have remained unsullied; and that with the same advantages with which he has been favoured, they

might have shewn a conduct equal, or, perhaps, superior to his own. Such considerations will lead him to *pity* rather than rigorously to *condemn* those whom he shall observe to act in a manner inconsistent with their obligations. At the same time, the exercise of such reflections will contribute towards forming that humane and candid temper of mind so essential to our own happiness, as well as to that of all those with whom we are connected.

The exercise of this mutual candour and forbearance towards the failings of others, seems to be a duty naturally resulting from the present imperfect state of things. It is a virtue necessarily connected with the happiness of society, and productive of the most amiable and salutary effects. The most certain method of attaining and preserving this temper of mind, seems to be the cultivation of a sincere and diffusive benevolence.

The admirable efficacy of BENEVOLENCE in regulating and controuling the selfish passions, and in eradicating the malevolent ones, in softening and refining the temper, and throwing a lustre over the whole conduct, renders it of the highest importance in the human character. Without some degree of it, we can neither be qualified to enjoy happiness ourselves, nor be the means of imparting it to others. Wrapt up in the narrow circle of our own concerns, and regardless of the wants or interests of others, we must *necessarily* contract a selfish unsocial turn of mind, which cannot fail of rendering us unamiable, both in the sight of God and Man.

Maidstone, July 22. A. A.

Epitome of Natural History.

No. VIII.

GREAT BUSTARD.

THIS very singular bird, which is the largest of our land birds, is about four feet long, and weighs from twenty-five to thirty pounds; its characters are peculiar, and with such as connect it with birds of the gallinaceous kind, it has others which seem to belong to the Ostrich and the Cassowary. Its bill is strong, and rather convex; its eyes red; on each side of the lower bill there is a tuft of feathers about nine inches long; its head and neck are ash-coloured. In the one described by Edwards, there were on each side of the neck two naked spots, of a violet colour, but which appeared to be covered with feathers when the neck was much extended. The back is barred transversely with black and bright rust colour; the quills are black; the belly white; the tail consists of twenty feathers, the middle ones are rust colour, barred with black—those on each side are white, with a bar or

two of black near the ends; the legs are long, naked above the knees, and dusky; it has no hind toe; its nails are short, strong, and convex both above and below; the bottom of the foot is furnished with a callous prominence, which serves instead of a heel. The female is not much more than half the size of the male: the top of her head is of a deep orange, the rest of the head brown; her colours are not so bright as those of the male, and she wants the tuft on each side of the head: there is likewise another very essential difference between the male and the female; the former is furnished with a sac or pouch, situated in the fore part of the neck, and capable of containing about two quarts; the entrance to it is immediately under the tongue. This singular reservoir was first discovered by Dr. Douglas, who supposes that the bird fills it with water as a supply in the midst of those dreary plains where it is accustomed to wander; it likewise makes a further use of it in defending itself against the attacks of birds of prey; on such occasions it throws out the water with such violence, as not unfrequently to baffle the pursuit of its enemy.

Bustards were formerly more frequent in this island than at present; they are now found only in the open countries of the south and east, in the plains of Wiltshire, Dorsetshire, and in some parts of Yorkshire; they were formerly met with in Scotland, but are now supposed to be extinct there. They are slow in taking wing, but run with great rapidity, and when young are sometimes taken with greyhounds, which pursue them with great avidity: the chace is said to afford excellent diversion.—The Great Bustard is granivorous, feeding on herbs and grain of various kinds; it is also fond of those worms which are seen to come out of the ground in great numbers before sun-rise in the summer; in winter it frequently feeds on the bark of trees: like the Ostrich, it swallows small stones, bits of metal, and the like. In the stomach of one which was opened by the academicians, there were found, says Buffon, besides small stones, to the number of ninety doubloons, all worn and polished by the

attrition of the stomach. The female makes no nest, but, making a hole on the ground, she drops two eggs, about the size of those of a goose, of a pale olive brown, with dark spots: she sometimes leaves her eggs in quest of food; and if, during her absence, any one should handle, or even breathe upon them, she immediately abandons her nest. Bustards are found in various parts of Europe, Asia, and Africa, but have not hitherto been discovered on the new continent.

LITTLE BUSTARD.

Length only seventeen inches: the bill is pale brown; eyes red; the top of the head is black, spotted with pale rust colour; the sides of the head, chin, and throat, are of a reddish white, marked with a few dark spots; the whole neck is black, encircled with an irregular band of white near the top and bottom; the back and wings are rust colour, mottled with brown, and crossed with fine irregular black lines; the under parts of the body, and outer edges of the wings, are white; the tail consists of eighteen feathers, the middle ones are tawny, barred with black, the others are white, marked with a few irregular bands of black; the legs are gray. The female is smaller, and has not the black collar on its neck; in other respects she nearly resembles the male.

This bird is very uncommon in this country; we have seen only two of them, both of which were females. Our figure was taken from one sent us by W. Trevelyan, Esq. which was taken on the edge of Newmarket Heath, and kept alive about three weeks in a kitchen, where it was fed with bread and other things, such as poultry eat. Both this and the Great Bustard are excellent eating, and, we should imagine, would well repay the trouble of domestication; indeed, it seems surprising that we should suffer these fine birds to run wild, and be in danger of total extinction, which, if properly cultivated, might afford as excellent a repast as our own domestic poultry, or even the Turkey, for which we are indebted to distant countries. It is very common in France, where it is taken in nets like the Partridge. It is a very shy

and cunning bird; if disturbed, it flies two or three hundred paces, not far from the ground, and then runs away much faster than any one can follow on foot. The female lays her eggs in June, to the number of three or four, of a glossy green colour; as soon as the young are hatched, she leads them about as the hen does her chickens; they begin to fly about the middle of August.

THE HISTORICAL MUSEUM.

No. I.

Consisting of Miscellaneous Curiosities, extracted from various Authors.

OF THE SECRET WAYS OF DISPATCH, AND THE DELIVERY OF MESSAGES BY LETTERS, CYPHERS, AND OTHER WAYS.

SECRESY and celerity are of special importance for the right conduct and management of all sorts of affairs; but in military matters they are of that absolute necessity, that scarce any thing of moment can be effected without them. Various ways have the ancients and others invented, whereby they might convey their intelligence and advice with both these: a specimen whereof we have in the following examples.

1. Aleppo, is so called of Alep, which signifies milk, of which there is great abundance thereabouts. There are here also pigeons, brought up after an incredible manner, who will fly between Babylon and Aleppo (being thirty days journey distant) in forty-eight hours space, carrying letters and news (which are fastened about their necks) to merchants of both towns, and from one to another. These are only employed in the time of hasty and needful dispatch: their education to this tractable expedition is admirable, the flights and arrivals of

which I have often seen in the time of my wintering in Aleppo, which was the second winter after my departure from christendom. *Lithgow's Trav. part* 5. *p.* 202, 203. *Huigen Van Linschoten's Discourse of Voyages, l.* 1. *c.* 6. *p.* 16.

2. The city of Ptolemais, in Syria, was besieged by the French and Venetians, and it was ready to fall into their hands, when the soldiers beheld a pigeon flying over them, with letters to the city; who thereupon set up so sudden and great a shout, that down fell the poor airy post with her letter: being read, it was found that the sultan had therein sent them word, that "he would be with them, with an army sufficient to raise the siege;" and, that "they might expect his arrival in three days." The chrisitians having learnt this, sent away the pigeon with others instead of the former, which were to this purpose: that "they should see to their own safety, for that the sultan had such other affairs as rendered it impossible for him to come in to their succour." These letters being received, the city was immediately surrendered. The sultan performed his promise upon the third day; but perceiving how matters went, returned to his other employments. *Sabel. Ex. l.* 6. *c.* 6. *p.* 340.

3. Histæus, the Milesian, being kept by Darius at Susa, under an honourable pretence, and despairing of his return home, unless he could find out some way that he might be sent to sea, he purposed to send to Aristagoras, who was his substitute at Miletum, to persuade his revolt from Darius; but knowing that all passages were stopped, and studiously watched, he took this course: he got a trusty servant of his, the hair of whose head he caused to be shaved off, and then, upon his bald pate, he wrote his mind to Aristagoras, kept him privately about him till his hair was somewhat grown, and then bid him haste to Aristagoras,

and bid him cause him to be shaved again, and then upon his head he should find what his Lord had wrote to him. *Herod. l.* 5. *p.* 301. *Sabel. Exempl. l.* 10. *c.* 6. *p.* 569. *A. Gell. Noct. Attic. l.* 17. *c.* 9. *p.* 458.

4. Harpagus was a great friend to Cyrus, and had in Medea prepared all things in as good forwardness as he could: being therefore to send his letters to Cyrus, to hasten his invasion upon that country, he thought it the safest way to thrust it into the belly of a hare: so by this unsuspected means his letters went safe to Cyrus in Persia, who came with an army, and made himself master of the empire of the Medes. *Herod. l.* 4. *p.* 203. *Justin. Hist. l.* 1. *p.* 18. *Sabel. Exempl. l.* 10 *c.* 6. *p.* 569.

5. The ancient Lacedemonians, when they had a purpose to dissemble and conceal their letters, which they sent to their generals abroad, that the contents of them might not be understood, though they should be intercepted by the enemy, they took this course: they chose two round sticks, of the same thickness and length, wrought and planed after the same manner. One of these was given to their general when he was about to march, the other was kept at home by the magistrates. When occasion of secrecy was, they wound about this stick a long scroll, and narrow, only once about, and in such a manner as that the sides of each round should lie close together: then wrote they their letters upon the transverse junctures of the scroll, from the top to the bottom. This scroll they took off from the stick, and sent it to the general, who knew well how to fix it to that stick he kept by him; the unrolling of it did disjoin the letters, confound and intermix them in such a manner, that although the scroll was taken by the enemy, they knew not what to make of it; if it passed safe,

their own general could read it at pleasure. This kind of letter the Lacedæmonians called Scytale. *A. Gell. Noc. Attic. l.* 17. *c.* 9. *p.* 458. *Erasm. Adg. p.* 442. *Zuing. Theat. vol.* 3. *l.* 4. *p.* 156. *Plut. in Lysandr. p.* 144. *Pet. Gregor. de Repub. l.* 16. *c.* 4. *p.* 667.

6. I have read in the Punick History of an illustrious person amongst them (whether it was Asdrubal, or some other, I do not now remember) who in this manner used to conceal such letters as he sent about matters of secresy. He took new tables, which were not yet covered with wax, and cut out his letter upon the wood; then (as the manner was) he drew them over with wax; these tables, as if nothing was writ upon them, he sent to such as beforehand he had acquainted with the use of them, who upon the receipt of them took off the wax, and read the letter as it was engraven upon the wood. Demeratus used this way of writing. *A. Gell. Noc. Attic. l.* 17. *c.* 9. *p.* 458. *Pezel. Mellific. tom.* 1. *p.* 59.

7. The way by pigeons to give intelligence afar off with wonderful celerity, is this: they take them when they sit on their nests, transporting them in open cages, and return them with letters bound about their legs like jesses, who will never give rest to their wings, until they come to their young ones. So Taurosthenes, by a pigeon stained with purple, gave notice of his victory at the Olympick games the self-same day to his father in Ægina. *Sandys on Ovid. Metam. l.* 12. *p.* 229.

8. There are books of epistles from C. Cæsar to C. Oppius and B. Cornelius, who had the care of his affairs in his absence. In these epistles of his in certain places there are found single letters without being made up into syllables, which a man would think were placed there to no purpose; for no words can be framed out of these letters. But

there had between a secret agreement betwixt them of changing the situation of the letters, and that in writing they should appear one thing, but in reading they should signify another. Probus, the grammarian, hath composed a book with curiosity enough, concerning the occult signification of the letters in the epistles of Cæsar. Suetonius saith of Cæsar, that any thing of privacy he wrote by notes or characters, that is, by so transposing the order of the letters, that no word could be made out of them. But if any man would understand and imitate this practice of his, he must know, that he changed the fourth letter of the alphabet; that is, he set down D for A, and so throughout all the rest of the letters. *A. Gell. Noc. Attic. l.* 17. *c.* 9. *p.* 457. *Sueton. l.* 1. *c.* 56. *p.* 36. *Pet. Gregor. de Repub. l.* 16. *c.* 4. *p.* 667.

9. Artabasus, an illustrious person amongst the Persians, after the departure of Xerxes, was left with Mardonius in Europe; he had taken Olynthus, and was now set down before Potidæa: here there was intelligence betwixt him and Timoxenus, an eminent person in the town, and the device they had to convey letters to each other was this: they wrapped their letters round about the upper part of an arrow, and then glued on the feathers of the arrow upon it, and so their arrows were to be shot to such a place as they had mutually agreed upon. They had done this for some time, till they were casually betrayed; for Artabasus directing his arrow to the wonted place, it chanced to light upon the shoulder of a Potidæan that was accidentally there; divers, as the manner is, ran to the wounded man, and plucking out the arrow, perceived the letters that were fastened to it, and carried them to the magistrates of the city, whereby it came to pass that Timoxenus the traitor was discovered. *Pezel. Mellific. tom.* 1. *p.* 73.

10. Antigonus, who had wintered in Mesopotamia, came to Babylon, and having there joined with Seleucus and Python, he determined to march out against Eumenes, who had fortified the river Tygris from its fountain to the sea, and indeed all the country bordering upon him, in which manner he waited the approach of the enemy; but forasmuch as the guard of a place of so great a length required a multitude of soldiers, Eumenes had obtained of Peucestus, that he should send for some thousands of archers for him out of Persia; which was done in such manner, that most of the Persians, though distant thirty days journey, did yet hear of the edict of Peucestus upon that very day it was given out, and that through the artificial placing of their watches: for whereas Persia is interrupted with valleys, and full both of many and high rocks, the strongest voices that were to be found amongst the inhabitants were placed upon the tops of these; so that the command being heard in divers places at once, they transmitted it immediately from one to the other, till such time as it was gotten to the utmost end of Peucestus's Satrapy. *Pezel. Mellific. tom.* 1. *p.* 409.

11. Octavianus Cæsar, when he wrote to his friends any thing of secresy or matter of importance, his manner was to take the next letter in the alphabet to that which should have been made use of, saith Don Cassius; and Suetonius saith, that as oft as he wrote by notes and characters, he used B for A, and C for B, and in the same order all the rest as they follow, only instead of X, he used a double AA. *Sueton. l.* 2. *c.* 88. *p.* 109. *Pet. Greg. de Repub. l.* 16. *c.* 4. *p.* 667.

12. The Roman spies, who were sent into Persia, at their return brought a long piece of parchment that had letters wrote upon it within, which was given them by Procopius; but, for the better

concealment of it, was put into a sheath, or scabhard of a sword, and so carried safe without suspicion. *Pet. Gregor. de Repub. l.* 16. *c.* 4. *p.* 666.

13. Diognetus, the Milesian, was in love with Polycrito, of Naxos; and for love of her he betrayed his countrymen and their councils: for when they had besieged Naxos, he sent a young girl with a letter to Polycles, brother of Polycrita, and governor of the city; wherein he shewed the way how he might intrap and slay the Milesians. This letter was written upon a plate of lead rolled up, and baked in a loaf of bread, and so conveyed to the governor. *Pet. Gregor. de Repub. l.* 16. *c.* 4. *p.* 666.

For the Monthly Visitor.

FATAL EFFECTS OF SEDUCTION,

A TALE.

(Concluded from page 292.)

If the power of example is so great as to take possession of the memory by a kind of violence, and produce effects almost without the intervention of the will, care ought to be taken that, when the choice is unrestrained, the best examples only should be exhibited; and that which is likely to operate so strongly, should not be mischievous, or uncertain in its effects. —— RAMBLER.

AS what was past could not be recalled, at the intercession of the young pair, they were, in due time, received again into the family of the prelate, until an establishment of their own could be formed, which the prelate undertook to accelerate conditionally, that Frederick consented to his lady's fortune being settled on herself and her children: to this he could, being so circumstanced, make no reasonable

objection; after protesting a thousand times that her wealth had nothing whatever to do with their union—that he married his lovely Phillipina only for herself. And, perhaps, some young and romantic ladies may be weak enough to believe his assertions true—while those who have read mankind, and traced the powerful working of self-love in the human heart, will doubt the sincerity of his declaration. After some time he was presented with a valuable living, to which he repaired, and kept the parsonage, a spacious mansion, of antient date, for their usual residence; hired a curate at the enormous salary of forty-five pounds a year, to perform the solemn offices of his benefice, while he amused himself with the neighbouring gentlemen, or occasionally loitered away a month or two of the year either with his own family, or that of Mrs. Lawson's; who, not at all pleased with their country residence, and finding herself neither flattered or adored by her husband, began to retaliate on his want of attention, by peevishness, arrogance, and contempt; frequently taking flight to her uncle's, where she vented her disappointment in unavailing and unpleasant upbraidings. Mrs. Fitzcary, however, who had been highly offended at her marriage, and was extremely weary of the subject, frequently silenced her, by remarking, that as Mr. Lawson was the husband of her choice, it was both indelicate and imprudent in her to blazon his faults. Let us return to the cottage, were we left poor Maria, on the eve of becoming a mother—the person, whom Mrs. Fitzcary had in kindness appointed to take care of her, was much tinctured with methodism, of a gloomy temper, and uncharitable spirit—from her, poor Maria heard nothing, from day to day, but censures on her errors, and exhortations to repentance—with strict injunctions to hate her betrayer. Maria could only answer by her tears—to hate Lawson was impossible—and to repent without hating him, seemed equally so—a terrible mental conflict ensued—she feared she was deserted by heaven, and abandoned to suffer misery in this state, and punishment in the next—while

her mind was thus cruelly agitated, she gave birth to a daughter; her attendant, either from carelessness, or ignorance, did not pay that strict attention to her that her situation claimed, her milk became extremely troublesome, was with great difficulty subdued, and, finally, the fever which had attended it ended in a delirium—the infant was of course taken from her, and, wanting that nourishment which nature sent for it, pined and died—for near two years Maria continued in a low dejected state; she seldom spoke—she had ceased to weep. Mrs. Fitzcary, who was extremely concerned at her situation, neglected nothing that was likely to restore her to her former state of mind—on her return to the Priory, after Maria's delivery, she beheld with extreme concern the harsh temper of the woman to whose care she had confided her; she was instantly removed, and a younger person, more chearful and humane, placed in her stead—but this act of kindness was now useless, for moaping melancholy had so firmly seated herself in Maria's brain, that even kindness could not move her. At length Henry, who had been by mistake reported dead, arrived in the village, but so mangled and altered, that no one knew him; he had been in battle deprived of a leg, and was likewise dreadfully scared in the face, and, add to these the ravages a torrid clime had made on his complexion, no one will wonder that he was not known by his old acquaintance; his wounds had gained his discharge, and he was come to solicit the Greenwich pension—if disappointed of that hope, he had no other resource but to beg his bread—

> For he was too weak to work,
> Through realms his valour sav'd.
>
> YOUNG.

He stopped at the Plough on the Green, told who he was, wiped the sweat from his sun-burnt face, for he had walked many a weary mile, then eagerly enquiring after his grandmother and his sister, he heard of the death of one, and the misfortune of the other, in an agony of grief that sets description at defiance—he drank freely, for liquor was become habitual to

him, and then set out for the cottage; but how severe were his emotions, when he viewed from the little gate the desolation of its appearance; the garden was over run with weeds, the rustic seat round the elm had gone to decay, and had been broken up; the vine was matted together, and hung in rude confusion around the door and windows of the cottage, all emblematical of the change within—he entered the enclosure, the noise of his wooden leg aroused the attention of Maria, he rushed forward and caught her in his arms—spoke eagerly—uttered her name. She, for a moment, seemed to recollect the sound, but then relapsing into her usual insensibility, she shrunk from his embrace, and fixing her wild eyes on vacancy, sat senseless and immovable. "This is too much," cried Henry, "my poor Maria; and, if I can find the villain who has brought all this upon thee, dearly shall he atone for it." He then rushed from the cottage, and, with as much speed as he was able to make, regained the public-house, where, from the villagers, who were by this time assembled round him, for it was then evening, he heard who was the reputed seducer of his sister; though none knew, yet most, from coincidence of circumstances, suspected Lawson. It did not, in the mind of Henry admit a doubt, he drank freely, and continued with his old companions the greater part of the night—he then slept for a few hours—gained all the information he could of Lawson's residence—took one more look at his poor sister, which served only to invigorate his thirst of vengeance—then privately took from the cottage a pistol, which had been his father's, and, without saying a word of his intentions, set out for the residence of Mr. Lawson. He was two days and one night walking thither. He cleaned his pistol on the road, and purchased some powder and ball of a soldier he met with at a public-house, where he drank till his money was nearly exhausted, and his brain in a state of frenzy—and arrived at the parsonage-house just as Mr. Lawson, whom he demanded to speak with, had sat down to breakfast---he followed the foot-boy, rushed into

the breakfast-room, took his aim at Mr. Lawson, who instantly fell, groaned deeply, and died. The family was in a moment assembled at the sound, every possible assistance was given, but to no purpose ---the aim was too surely taken---the ball had reached the brain. The wretched culprit was immediately secured, indeed he made no attempts to escape, and seemed perfectly satisfied to have taken vengeance for the injuries of his sister---though he knew his life must pay the forfeit of his crime. During this dreadful scene, Mrs. Lawson was absent on a party of pleasure ---the fatal news, however, was conveyed to her, and she instantly set out out for her uncle's residence, where she went through all the usual forms of grief and condolence---and was in a few days, between the intervals of tears and hysterics, enabled, by the help of aromatic salts, to consult with her milliner on the most elegant and becoming mode of wearing her mourning. In the mean time, the coroner returned the verdict wilful murder---and Henry was confined to take his trial for the deed. The body of Mr. Lawson was interred in the family fault---the effects at the parsonage all sold by public auction---and, as there was no children, Mrs. Lawson again figured in the first circles, with her fortune unimpaired. While Henry languished in prison, borne down by corporeal sufferings and mental sorrows---for the hour of reflection was come---poor Maria, as if acquainted by some secret impulse of the dreadful transaction, languished a few weeks, during which her reason seemed in some degree restored---and died without a struggle or a sigh, the morning preceding that on which her rash, but unfortunate, brother was to suffer death, who had, during the interval of her illness, been tried and condemned. He suffered according to his sentence, firm and collected, beseeching the surrounding multitude to assist him with their prayers, and to take warning by his example---not to indulge the impulse of passion---or impiously snatch from heaven the thunderbolt of vengeance.

On this tale, which we recommend to the serious perusal of the young, the gay, and inexperienced, we make no comment; sensible that they will see the necessity of subduing the first symptoms of passion, under whatever appearance they make their approach---convinced that it is much easier to destroy the egg, than kill the serpent.

EXCURSION

ON THE

LAKES IN IRELAND.

(From Holme's Tour in Ireland.)

WE were detained at Castle Island by heavy rains, the whole of Sunday; however, Monday brought fair weather, and we betook ourselves to the road, not without some apprehensions, from information which we had received of the fords being swelled, through which we must necessarily pass; in this we were agreeably disappointed; the brooks were all fordable, with no great difficulty. Along the road, we had in view the immense mountains of the lakes, which afforded a boundless scope for fancy; their fantastical and rugged heads forming a thousand strange contrasts; every five minutes changed their appearance, according as mists would break, or clouds enwrap them; distant gleams of light would dart across their summits, and quickly vanish; then would succeed a thick and blackish vapour hanging on their gloomy sides, till it was again displaced by a blaze of sunshine! Thus were we entertained, till on our near approach to Killarny, the wide expanding bosom of the lower lake burst at once upon our expectant eyes; and here no one can pass without a pause; it deserves it; nay, it requires it: for the eye naturally seeks for repose, as well as the grosser parts of our system after exertion; too numerous a succession of

objects will fatigue the sight, and baffle reflection; they require digestion; and when it is interrupted, confusion must arise, and the last object will erase from the mind the image of the first. After a pleasing kind of tumult of the mind had subsided, occasioned by the first impression made upon us by this magnificent scene, we moved slowly on, descending by Lord Kenmare's deer park wall, into the town of Killarny. It is exceedingly neat and clean, and thriving fast, both from the great encouragement given by Lord Kenmare to settlers, and from the prodigious influx of visitors to the lakes; the houses in general are good, and an appearance of comfort pervades the whole. His lordship's house adjoins the town, and the beautiful gardens spread themselves to the edge of the lake, finely planted, and preserved with care.

This morning we prepared for an excursion on the lakes. The boats are stationed at Ross Island, about a mile and a half from town; it is rather a peninsula, being separated from the main land only by a cut through a morass, over which there is a bridge.

Ross castle stands on this island, formerly the seat of O'Donoghoe Ross, one of the most ancient families in this county. It lies close to the water side, beautifully backed by wood, which covers almost the whole of the island; the banks, in most places, are hid by thick and hanging foliage. The castle is now in tolerable repair, having a garrison, with a governor appointed for it, upon the establishment. In the year 1641, it was held by Lord Muskerry, against the English, commanded by Ludlow, with Lord Broghil and Sir Hardress Waller, who besieged it with four thousand infantry, and two hundred cavalry; it was surrendered upon capitulation. Having embarked, and taken on board two men with horns, and two small pieces

of cannon, we stretched across the lower lake, to the base of Glenaá mountain, where we deposited our provisions in the cottage; and shaping our course towards the upper lake, we entered between the two mountains of Glenaá and Turc, a narrow canal, or river, which issues from the upper to the lower lake. Here the most wildly diversified scenery unfolds itself, that the enthusiastic imagination can conceive. The rugged and precipitate base of Turc, contrasted with the opposite richly wooded sides of Glenaá, whose romantic groves, falling to the waves, cast a deep and solemn shade around; whilst on the other side, rock piled on rock, flung in wild confusion along the banks covered with crawling ivy, and from their interstices, bursting numerous shrubs, in flower, and bearing fruit; quickly the scene would change; the mountains retire suddenly and leave us in a plain, of perhaps three hundred yards in breadth; the green lawn spotted with groups of oak, holly, and wild ash; again the hills approach, and environ us with dark precipices and nodding woods; awhile the course seems lost, we are suspended in doubt; till turning short, we penetrate a deep and gloomy shade, hid from the blaze of day by the umbrageous arms of the trees, which, interwoven together, form an imperious canopy. Once more we are launched into an amphitheatre of lofty rocks, clad with countless shrubs and forest trees, which, shooting from their bare sides, send forth their twisting roots towards the earth. Arriving underneath the Eagle rock, we stopped, and, landing on the opposite bank, stood lost in admiration, not unmixed with terror.

Its sublime height, girt with a waving forest, whose aspiring trees lift their tall shade high amongst the craggy eminences, the haunt of eagles and various birds of prey; at its base, the tremu-

lous wave reflected all again with varied beauty. But how can I describe the wonders of its many echoes, which, on the explosion of the cannon, burst with tenfold magnitude from its rugged cliffs, rolling with majestic horror round the neighbouring hills, each seeming to repel the thunder as it comes, till by reiterated peals, it sinks into hollow murmurs among the distant hills, and is for a few moments lost; but, from the silent pause, the distant sound again strikes faintly on the ear, and by degrees, with collected force, grows louder, till at last it faintly dies away to utter silence!

Just at this awful period, the bugle horn sounded, and there issued from the grots and steep recesses of the mountain, innumerable sounds, like celestial voices, diffusing inexpressible pleasure, each wood and rocky dell prolonging the notes, which, floating on the agitated air, fell behind the hills, and mingled into one grand chord of most angelic harmony, that like—

"A solemn breathing sound,
Rose like a stream of rich distilled perfumes, that stole upon the air,
That even silence was took ere she was aware,
And wish'd she might deny her nature, and be never more;
Still to be so displaced."

From this enchanting spot we proceeded on to the old Wier bridge, a rude and picturesque object, where quitting the boat, we betook ourselves to the bank, whilst the boatmen prepared to drag the boat through a fall of water, which passes with great impetuosity under the arch; through it they conveyed ropes to the other side, and, with the most painful exertions, pulled it up through the fall into the higher stream, which is elevated about ten or fifteen feet. Thus continuing our course, we at length entered the upper lake through a nar-

row channel formed by two projecting cliffs, called Colman's Eye. This lake is surrounded by mountains of a fearful height, fringed with forests, which creep up their sides to various distances. From the glassy surface, emerge huge rocks, crowned with arbutus, displaying its bright green leaves of gayest verdure, blended with its scarlet fruit and snowy blossoms. Some immense islands lift their bare and craggy summits high above others, from whose fantastical shapes the boatmen have named them, one, the man of war, another, the church, and so on, according as there is an assimilation. The shores are mostly bold and steep, abounding with the most surprizing variety of shrubs and plants.

Here spring the living herbs profusely wild
O'er all the green deep earth, beyond the power
Of botanist to number up their tribes;
Whether he steals along the lonely dale
In silent search, or climbs the mountain rock,
Fired by the nodding verdure of the brow,
With such a liberal hand hath nature flung
Their seeds abroad, blown them about in winds
Innumerous, mix'd them in the nursing mold.

At the farthest extremity of the lake arose M'Gillycuddy's Rock; its many pointed head immersed in mists and storms; along its prodigious furrows we could distinctly trace the cataracts, swollen by recent rains, tumbling with fury, and glistening like liquid silver. In a little time we observed its forky summit pierce through the clouds, and the grey mists slow descending, like a great curtain half way down, through which the sun darted his rays, partially illumining its huge side and base. We landed on Romans' Island, where we found a small cabin, built by the person from whom the island takes its name: he was a singular character, and retired here to enjoy the pleasures of his rod

and gun. It is finely situated, commanding a delightful prospect of the circumjacent hills, with the numerous islands scattered over the lake. Embarking again, we crossed to the shore, and wound round the woody promontories of those stupendous mountains, proceeding to the very extremity. We approached the rocks as near as the land would permit, but all was involved in shadows, clouds and darkness; we could scarce see upwards an hundred feet.

We now bent our course homeward; passing again through Colman's Eye, we entered the beautiful canal, or passage to the lower lake. When we arrived within a quarter of a mile of the old Weir bridge, we felt ourselves gently urged on by the current; the boatmen drew in their oars, and we committed ourselves to the guidance of the stream; trimming the boat well, and observing our balance, we found ourselves hurried on towards the arch with encreased velocity; till, with the torrent, we were swept through the arch and down the fall, with a force that must alarm any person looking at us from the bank. As we approached it, the boatmen mentioned an accident having happened to a boat, which was broken to atoms down the fall, by not having sufficient water to carry it clear over the rocks, which by no means tended to quiet my fears for our own fate; however, we had a fine sweep of water, and were launched pleasantly into the lower stream. On our arrival at Glenaá cottage, we found a comfortable dinner ready for us, attended by every thing which could heighten enjoyment. About six o'clock we got on board, and winding round the fanciful shore which separates Mucruss lake from the lower, we returned to Ross castle.

The Cabinet of Mirth.

"Here let the jest and mirthful tale go round."

WHEN Mrs. Robinson wrote the first number of that fanciful work, the Sylphid, (inserted in that edition of her life, which has just made its appearance) she dated it from Mount Ether. On receiving a proof, she found it had been altered to Mount *Etna!* On making enquiries into the author of this GEOGRAPHIGAL alteration, she found that the compositor had, on a reference to the Gazetteer, been unable to find any such Mount, persuaded himself it must have been a mistake in the orthography. She of course made the correction, desiring a revise, which she accordingly received, and found it had been altered and printed right; but, before it had reached her, some officious person, desirous of shewing his penetration, had not failed to alter it to *Etna* a second time; and, notwithstanding a letter desiring an attention to this circumstance, it actually was published MOUNT ETNA!

A taylor who was dangerously ill, had a remarkable dream.—He saw fluttering in the air, a piece of cloth, of a prodigious length, composed of all the cabbage he had made, of a variety of colours. The angel of death held this piece of patchwork in one of his hands; and with the other gave the taylor several strokes with a piece of iron. The taylor awakened in a fright, made a vow, that if he recovered, he would cabbage no more. He soon recovered. As he was diffident of himself, he ordered one of his apprentices to put him in mind of his dream, whenever he cut out a suit of cloaths.

The taylor was for some time obedient to the intimation given him by his apprentice. But a nobleman having sent for him to make a coat out of a very rich stuff, his virtue could not resist the temptation. His apprentice put him in mind of his *dream* to no purpose:—"I am tired with your talk about the *dream*," says the taylor, "there was nothing like this in the whole piece of patch work, which I saw in my dream, and I observed likewise, that there was a piece deficient; that which I am now going to take will render it complete."

A preacher in a mosque began the history of Noah, with this quotation from the Koran, "I have called Noah," but, forgetting the rest of the verse, repeated the same words over and over. At length an Arab cried out, "If Noah will not come, call somebody else."

In a season of great drought, in Persia, a schoolmaster at the head of his pupils, marched out of Shirauz in procession, to pray for rain; when a humourous fellow asked where they were going? the tutor told him, and said, "he doubted not but God would listen to the prayers of innocent children."—"My friend," said the humourist, "if that was the case, I fear there would be no SCHOOLMASTERS left alive."

An importunate beggar went to a miser, and asked for a garment, saying that his object was to have something to remember him by. "My friend," said the miser, "as thy end is to remember me, I shall give thee nothing, for I am sure thou wilt remember a refusal much longer than a gift."

A poor man once came to a miser, and said, "I have a boon to ask."—"So have I," said the miser, "grant mine first, then I will comply with thine."—"Agreed." Said the miser, "my request is that thou ask me nothing!"

A pretended wit was very free in playing his tricks upon a modest man, who told him, he would do well not to make himself so ridiculous. "My friend," said the wit, "the materials of my composition are such, that I cannot help being so." "No!" replied the other, "thou art made of good materials, but they want to be well beaten into decent form."

EPIGRAM.

"Wit is a feather," Pope has said,
And females never doubt it;
So those who've least within the head,
Display the most without it.

A PARTICULAR ACCOUNT OF THE NAVAL CAREER OF *LORD VISCOUNT NELSON,*

Communicated by a Correspondent in Norfolk, the Place of Nativity of this gallant Hero.

IN the fifth volume of the Monthly Visitor, p. 109, is given a capital portrait and a Sketch of the Life of this distinguished Naval Character; in addition to which, we feel a singular pleasure in presenting our readers with the following further particulars; especially when we reflect on the channel through which it is communicated, we consider it as a sufficient *passport* for being introduced into our

Miscellany, and consequently highly gratifying to our readers.

Horatio, Lord Viscount Nelson, is the son of the Rev. Edward Nelson, Rector of Burnham Thorpe, in the county of Norfolk, by Catherine, daughter of the Rev. Dr. Suckling, Prebendary of Westminster. At the rectory house of his father's living he first saw the light on the 29th of September, 1758, and received the first part of his education at the free-school at Norwich, from whence he was removed to North Walsham, at which place his literary pursuits terminated.

At the age of twelve years, in 1770, he left school, and was admitted on board the Raisonable by his maternal uncle, Captain Maurice Suckling; but the difference with the Spaniards, relative to Falkland Islands being soon accommodated, the ship was paid off, and our young sailor was sent a voyage in a West India ship belonging to the house of Hibbert, Purrier, and Horton. On his return home, in July 1772, he was again received by his uncle, then commanding the Triumph, lying at Chatham.

His voyage to the West Indies had almost been the means of depriving government of his future services; he conceived an aversion to be employed in what may be called the higher line of service, and might have quietly sunk into the obscure situation of the master of a trading vessel, had not the address of his uncle again reanimated him, and reconciled him to the state in which he was afterwards to become one of its distinguished ornaments.

While at Chatham, he had frequent opportunities of navigating vessels from that place to the Tower of London, and also down the Swin Channel and to the North Foreland; and by his constant and unwearied attention he became a most excellent pilot.

In April 1772, a voyage of discovery was undertaken, by order of the king, to ascertain how far navigation was practicable towards the North Pole, to advance the discovery of a north west passage into the South Seas, and to make such other astronomical observations as might prove serviceable to navigation. On this voyage young Nelson solicited to go, and, rather than be left behind, submitted to the appointment of coxswain to Captain Lutwidge, who, being struck with the unsubdued spirit which he displayed on this occasion, consented to receive him in this capacity; and from that event a friendship commenced between these two officers, which has continued without abatement to the present day. During the expedition, Lord Mulgrave took particular notice of the young coxswain, and formed that high opinion of his character which his subsequent conduct has so justly merited. In the course of it he encountered and overcame some difficulties which inferior minds would have shrunk from rather than grappled with. One anecdote is preserved by an officer who was present, and will evince that cool intrepidity in danger which then possessed our young mariner, and for which he has ever been remarkable. "In these high northern latitudes, the nights are generally clear: during one of them, notwithstanding the extreme bitterness of the cold, young Nelson was missing; every search that was instantly made in quest of him was in vain, and it was at length imagined he was lost; when lo! as the rays of the rising sun opened the distant horizon, to the great astonishment of his messmates, he was discovered at a considerable distance on the ice, armed with a single musquet, in anxious pursuit of an immense bear. The lock of the musket being injured, the piece would not go off, and he had therefore pursued the animal in hopes of tiring him, and being

at length able to effect his purpose with the butt end. On his return, Captain Lutwidge reprimanded him for leaving the ship without leave, and in a severe tone demanded, what motive could possibly induce him to undertake so rash an action; the young hero, with great simplicity, replied, "*I wished, sir, to get the skin for my father.*"

On the return of the vessels to England they were paid off, and Mr. Nelson desired to be appointed to one of the ships of a squadron destined to the East Indies. He was accordingly placed in the Sea Horse, Captain Farmer, of 20 guns, and in this ship was stationed to watch in the fore-top, whence in time he was placed on the quarter-deck. During this voyage, he visited almost every part of the East Indies from Bengal to Bussora; but ill health afflicting him, Sir Edward Hughes, with great kindness, ordered him home in the Dolphin, Captain James Pigott; which ship being paid off in September 1776, Mr. Nelson received on the 26th of that month, an order to act as Lieutenant in the Worcester, 64 guns, Captain Mark Robinson, then under sailing orders for Gibraltar, with a convoy; and he was at sea with convoys until the 2d of April, 1777.

On the 8th of April he passed his examination as lieutenant, and the next day received his commission as second of the Lowestoffe, 32 guns, Captain William Locker, in which ship he arrived at Jamaica; but desiring more active employment, he solicited an appointment to the command of a schooner, tender to the Lowestoffe; and in that small vessel eagerly availed himself of the opportunity of becoming a complete pilot for all the intricate passages through the Keys (islands), situated on the northern side of Hispaniola. During his continuance in the Lowestoffe, a circumstance oc-

curred which so strongly presaged and marked his character, that we shall here record it.

"In a strong gale of wind and an heavy sea, the Lowestoffe captured an American letter of marque. The captain ordered the first lieutenant to board her, which he accordingly attempted, but was not able to effect, owing to a tremendous sea. On his return to the ship, Captain Locker exclaimed—"*Have I then no officer who can board the prize?*" On hearing this, the master immediately ran to the gangway in order to jump into the boat, when Lieutenant Nelson suddenly stopped him, saying, "*It is my turn now; if I come back, it will be yours.*"

Soon after the arrival of Sir Peter Parker at Jamaica, in 1778, he appointed Lieutenant Nelson third of the Bristol, his flag ship; from which, by rotation he became the first, and under Sir Peter Parker's flag concluded his services in the rank of a lieutenant. On the 18th of December, in that year, he was appointed, on that station, Commander of the Badger brig; in which he was soon ordered to protect the Mosquito shore and the Bay of Honduras from the depredations of American privateers. In this service he acquired the grateful respect of the settlers, who unanimously voted him their thanks, and expressed their regret on his quitting the station.

On the 11th of June, 1779, Captain Nelson obtained his post rank, and was believed at that time to have qualified himself for his situation, equal, it would probably be injustice to say superior, to any other officer in the service. He had particularly attended to the duties of a pilot, and had become a most able one. The first ship he commanded was the Hinchinbroke. On the arrival of Count D'Estaing at Hispaniola, with a numerous fleet and ar-

my from Martinico, an attack on Jamaica was immediately expected: in this critical situation of the island, Captain Nelson was entrusted with the command of the batteries at Port Royal. In January, 1780, he was appointed to the command of the naval department in the expedition against Fort Juan, and performed the service with great gallantry. After storming an out-post of the enemy situated on an island in the river, he constructed batteries, and fought the Spaniards with their own guns. To his conduct the reduction of the fortress was in a great measure attributed, and he received the thanks and plaudits of his superiors and colleagues.

His exertions and fatigues in this expedition had visibly impaired his health, and on his return to Jamaica he was advised to go to Europe, which he did in the Lion, commanded by the Hon. William Cornwallis, by whose care and attention his life was preserved. He was eleven weeks at Bath before he recovered the use of his limbs.

In August, 1781, he was appointed to the command of the Albemarle, and in convoying some vessels to Newfoundland and Quebec, shewed his address in avoiding the chace of three ships of the line and a frigate. He sailed from Quebec to New York in October, 1782, and joined the fleet under the command of Sir Samuel Hood. In November he sailed to the West Indies, and was actively employed until the peace, when he was ordered to England, being directed in his way to attend Prince William Henry on his visit to the Havannah. On his arrival in England his ship was paid off, and during the autumn of 1783, and spring of 1784, he went and resided in France, and at that time was appointed to the Boreas frigate, ordered to the Leeward Islands.

In this command he had an opportunity of shewing his firmness and discretion in some claims made by the Americans relative to the trade of the West Indies. From July 1786, until June 1787, he continued in the same station, and at length sailed for England. In March 1787, he married Frances Herbert Nesbit, of the island of Nevis, daughter of William Herbert, Esq. senior judge, and neice to Mr. Herbert, president of that island; the bride was given away by Prince William Henry.

The Boreas being paid off in November 1787, Captain Nelson retired to enjoy the comforts of domestic society at the parsonage-house of Burnham Thorpe, which his father lent him for a place of residence. Here he continued until the year 1790; and that interval may be set down as the only period of repose he had enjoyed from the active employment of his profession from the age of twelve years.

On the dispute with the Spaniards, in 1790, relative to Nootka Sound, Captain Nelson left his retirement, and offered his services, which were not accepted; but on the 30th of January, 1793, he was appointed to the Agamemnon, of 64 guns, under the command of Lord Hood, in the Mediterranean.

In this situation he was continually employed in acts of gallantry, which soon rendered his name renowned to his own countrymen, and formidable to the enemy. At Toulon, at Bastia, and Calvi, his exertions were unremitted, and at the siege of the latter place he lost the sight of his right eye. He again distinguished himself in the actions of the 13th and 14th of March, and 13th of July, 1795, and afterwards was appointed to co-operate with the Austrian General De Vins, at Vado Bay, on the coast of Genoa; in which service he continued until the month of November.

In this year he was employed in the blockade of Leghorn, the taking of Port Ferrajo, with the island of Caprea. and in the evacuation of Bastia. The month of December, 1796, was signalized by the capture of La Sabina, a Spanish frigate, of 40 guns and 286 men, by Captain Nelson, now a commodore in La Minerve frigate. On the 14th of February, 1797, the memorable battle of St. Vincent's took place, in which our commodore acquired laurels which will never fade, by the capture of the Santissima Trinidada, of 136 guns, and the San Nicholas, with such circumstances of conduct and valour as never were surpassed, nor ever can be sufficiently admired and applauded. For this exploit he was rewarded with the insignia of the Bath, a gold medal from his sovereign, and the freedom of the city of London in a gold box.

In April, 1797, he hoisted his flag as rear-admiral of the blue, and was appointed to the command of the inner squadron at the blockade of Cadiz, and while in this employment exhibited as many signal instances of personal bravery, as on any former occasion. On the 15th of July, he was detached, with a small squadron, to attack the town of Santa Cruz, in the island of Teneriffe. This enterprize did not wholly succeed, and Sir Horatio retreated with the loss of his right arm, and the acquisition of a greater portion of military glory. It was in December before he was sufficiently restored to resume his profession. On his first appearance at court, his sovereign received him in the most gracious and tender manner; and when, with deep sensibility of condolence, the king expressed his sorrow at the loss the noble admiral had sustained, and at his impaired state of health, which might deprive the country of his future services. Sir Horatio replied, " May it please your majesty, I can never think that a loss which the performance

of my duty has occasioned; and so long as I have a foot to stand on, I will combat for my king and country."

Previous to the issuing of a grant which secured to this gallant officer some public remuneration for the hardships he had endured, a positive custom required that a memorial of service should be drawn up; one more brilliant never met the eye of the sovereign of a brave nation. Sir Horatio had actually been engaged against the enemy upwards of *one hundred and twenty times!* and during the present war had assisted at the capture of seven sail of the line, six frigates, four corvettes, and eleven privateers of different sizes, and taken or destroyed near fifty sail of merchant vessels.

The subsequent actions of this great man's life are so recent, and have been so amply detailed, that we shall add no more than the hero of Aboukir and Draco has received such rewards as acts like those achieved by him are intitled to demand. Wealth and honours have been showered upon him: he has lately had the title of viscount added to those formerly conferred upon him: and we hope he will long enjoy the well-earned appellation of the DELIVERER OF HIS COUNTRY!

Beauties of the Drama.

NATURE, (THE APPEAL OF).

(From Kotzebue's Natural Son.)

BARON AND FREDERICK.

Baron. GO friend, and may heaven protect you —you are free. I have sent to your mother, and hear she is much better; I pardon you for her sake —but beware of repeating this crime—highway

robbery is a dangerous profession!—Here is some money—seek for some honest employment—and should I hear favourable accounts of your future behaviour, my doors and purse shall ever be open for your assistance. Go then, and Heaven be your guide.

Fre. You are liberal—free with your money—free with your advice!—But I have a much greater favour to request; as you are a man of fortune and interest, I entreat your assistance to procure me justice against a most unnatural father!

Baron. A father!—Who is he?

Fred. A nobleman!—Lord of much land, and over many tenants—a favourite at court—a friend to government—esteemed by the peasantry—generous—openhearted—kind—

Baron. And yet leaves his son in want!

Fred. Yet leaves his son in want!

Baron. Young man, he must have some reason. Doubtless you have been wild and volatile—a gamester—libertine;—So that your father thought a few years service in the army might eradicate these vicious principles. Should this be the case, your father, sir, is not to blame!

Fre. No, sir—you are mistaken—I am unknown to my father—he has never seen me—for he abandoned me from the hour of my birth!

Baron. Ha!—

Fred. All the inheritance I ever received from my father, are a mother's tears! He never troubled himself about me—never even asked if his son were alive!

Baron. Oh shameful!——Very—very shameful! —*(Confused.)*

Fre. I am the wretched offspring of a stolen amorous hour! I was educated by my unhappy seduced mother, amidst sighs and tears; by the labour of her hands she earn'd a bare sufficiency to

cultivate my heart and mind—and by her care and diligence, I presume, I am now a man who might be a comfort to my father!—But such comfort mine voluntarily renounces—nor does his lull'd conscience ever remind him of a son's fate.

Baron. Lull'd conscience!—if his conscience can sleep under such circumstances, he must be an inexorable monster!

Fre. Having attained years of discretion, and unwilling to be longer burthensome upon an indigent mother—no other means offered but this habit—I entered the service of a volunteer corps—for no tradesman or artist can take an illegitimate child as an apprentice.

Baron. Unfortunate youth!

Fre. Thus passed my early days amidst broils and confusion! Nature generally gives thoughtless youth the enjoyment of some pleasure, to invigorate his mind against those inevitable cares which attend maturer years—but coarse bread, humble water, and the serjeant's discipline, were all the pleasure of my youth!—Yet what does my father care!—He can sit down to a sumptuous table, and smother every sting of conscience!

Baron. Oh, how it tears my very heart!—*(Aside.)*

Fred. This day, after five years absence from my mother, I came home, full of regard for a country which contained so dear a parent—elate with hopes—with pleasing dreams, which fond imagination painted—but alas! I found my mother sick—reduced to beggary — without victuals for these two days—without a pillow for her weary head—without a roof to keep her from the rain and storm!—There was no friend to close her eyes!—There was no spot on which she might die in peace—yet what does my father care? He possesses a magnificent dwelling—he reposes on a bed of down; and when he leaves this world, no doubt a

pompous sermon will be preached on the occasion, to tell posterity—his most extensive christian virtues!

Baron. Tell me his name!

Fred. What signifies his having abused an easy, innocent maiden?—his having deceived her with false vows?—That he has brought into the world a wretched son, who must curse him for his existence—and this wretched son that he has almost driven to paricide—meer trifles these! trifles, which, on the judgment day, may all be atoned for by that piece of money!—*(Throws down the money which the Baron gave him.)*

Baron. What is your father's name?—I demand his name!

Fre. Baron Wildenhain!—Yes, perhaps here—in this very house—this very apartment—my mother was beguil'd of her virtue, and I begotten for the sword of justice! Now, noble lord, know I am not free—I am your prisoner—I will not be free—I am a highway robber—I confess it openly!—You shall be my prosecutor—you shall lead me to the place of execution—you shall hear the fruitless admonitions of the chaplain, and the wild ravings of a son cursing a father!—You shall stand by during my decapitation, when my blood—nay, *your* blood—shall stain your very garments.

Baron. Forbear! forbear!—Oh Heaven!

Fre. And when you leave this mournful scene—when you descend the scaffold — there — on the ground beneath—shall you behold my expiring mother sighing out her soul in bitter anguish!

Baron. Oh spare me—spare me!—

JUVENILE RECREATIONS.

ANSWER TO ENIGMAS.

1. River. 2. Sigh. 3. Grace.

Enigmas, &c. for Solution.

BY W. E. M.

1.

A title giv'n to those in highest station;
A once most valiant, now imbecile nation;
A beast of prey possess'd of sinewy might;
And our united states boast and delight:
The initials take, and you a name will see,
Renown'd for eloquence and energy.

2.

Reverse a woman's christian name,
Which half eight letters doth contain,
And 'twill produce the same.

3.

One third of *sacred* you must take;
An *I* also a part doth make;
To which three sevenths you do add,
Of what each month makes many glad,
(By this I mean a publication,
Deservedly high in estimation):
Those several parts together show,
A name to which we all must owe;
For he it is who doth prepare
The closet feast, and mind's rich fare.

4.

My first a dreadful scourge for sin was sent,
And on my whole some of its rage was spent;

My second will a common tool impart,
Us'd in the joiner and the shipwright's art;
My whole doth give a large Europ'an town,
Part of a kingdom where base wrongs have been shown.

BIOGRAPHY.

WILLIAM HAAS, one of the most active and distinguished men of his country, died the 8th of June 1800, at the monastery of Saint Urban, in the canton of Lucern, he was born at Basil, the 23d of August, 1741; from his father, an eminent type-founder, originally of Nuremberg, he learnt that art, at the same time devoting himself to the study of sciences, under the professors of the university at Basil. From the death of his father, in 1764, he continued to follow his business till 1789, at which period he wholly established his son in the business, who is also well known for his abilities as a type-founder and printer.

Haas, during the twenty-seven years of his continuance in business, made several attempts to embellish the *type*, and was the first in Germany and Switzerland who successfully engraved a French type in the style of Baskerville. Several other discoveries and improvements in the typographical art insure him a distinguished place in the history of printing.

The following were his chief improvements. A new printing-press, established in 1772, which facilitated in a great measure that very useful art, and to the invention of which Haas lays sole claim. A second invention, which although less conspicuous, is not less useful in the typographical art, is a systematic arrangement of the filets and interlining, a description of which was published in 1772. The third improvement is *Typometry*, the art of printing geographical charts with moveable characters.

Several charts were published by Haas, which gained him universal applause: he also published many of his productions in the Memoirs of the Economical Society at Basil, of which he was a member. He also belonged to the Helvetic Society, which assembled many years at Oltan. He was also one of the founders of the Helvetic Military Society, and in 1790 was elected a member of the academy of arts and sciences at Berlin.

During his youth, he devoted several years to the military service of his country; and to his abilities the country owes the corps of artillery, instituted after the system under his own direction; and to his spirited endeavours Basil is also indebted for several improvements. After the revolution, Haas was nominated a member of the national convention for the canton of Basil; and after its separation he was elected to the Helvetic legislature.

ACCOUNT OF A PHOCUS,

FOUND NEAR BASTIA. FROM A PARIS PAPER.

"THE Phocus, that singular amphibious animal, which seems to be the model after which the ancients have described the Tritons, the Syrens, &c. is common no where but in the north seas. We very seldom see it in our seas, and particularly in the Mediterranean. The fact which we are going to relate must therefore be interesting to naturalists.

"A wood-cleaver, who worked in the month of March last in the vicinity of Bastia, discovered upon shore an animal with which he was unacquainted, and the view of which inspired him with terror. It was a Phocus asleep upon the beach. The wood cleaver called some neighbours; the animal was taken and put into a tub full of water; the following is a description of it: It was four

feet long, with a round head about six inches in diameter, resembling in some respect that of a calf, but in the place of ears nothing was perceivable except very narrow apertures, almost hid with hair. Its skin very thick and hard, was also covered with hair, sleek, short, and oily. This one was a female, its eyes were somewhat like those of an ox; it had a fierce look, and yet an air of mistrust. Its nostrils were flat, and from them ran almost constantly a mucus of a very fetid smell, particularly when it was out of the water. The neck was thick, but of much less circumference than the head. Very near to the neck came out the arms, or rather membraneous hands, generally in a position very close to the body; each finger had four fangs and nails. One would suppose at the first look that these hands were without hair, but the hair was only shorter upon them than upon the other parts—The paws behind were nearly a foot in length, almost touched each other, and laid in the direction of the tail; this tail which terminated in a rounded point, might be about two inches and a half long, and about twelve or fourteen lines broad; it proceeded from between the two apparent feet or back fins. Such was nearly the figure of this animal, which they were able to preserve only 24 days, although the greatest care was taken of it. It would not eat, its appetite failed from the moment it came into human hands; it refused little fishes, fresh meat, fresh grass, bread, wine, &c. The sixth day they gave it a preparation of tea in cow's milk. It swallowed it very well, but it refused a second dose. They conceived an idea of letting it plunge into the sea, after a collar had been put upon it, to which was attached a long cord. It plunged very deep, and remained a long time out of sight, under water; it was with difficulty that they forced it to return

on board. We may presume that in these immersions, which were frequently repeated because it seemed to like them, it might have nourished itself with some fish. It was endowed with a considerable degree of intelligence. For example;—it took delight in being caressed near the head, and testified its gratitude by faint cries and winking of its eyes. When the man to whose care it was entrusted, and had given it the name of Moro, would say to it, "Give me thy hand, poor Moro," it would raise the fore-arm, stretch out the hand, and in bending the fangs, really squeeze the hand presented to it.

"Although its conformation did not permit it to be very active, it walked, or rather, crawled, with considerable swiftness. One day that its keeper, thinking it asleep, had left the door of its chamber open, the animal went out, and descended seven or eight steps to look for him, where he was walking upon the esplanade. It was remarked that it did not deviate a line from the path which the person of whom it was in search had gone an hour before. We should hardly believe these circumstances, if they did not constitute part of an account sent by the Prefect himself of Golo, who had been an eye witness of them. It was intended to send it to Paris, but the animal was soon perceived to be in a languishing state. The mode of living to which it was confined, was, perhaps less the cause, than a wound in the right foot, which it had received, it is not known how, and which every day grew worse. What hastened its death was, that the sea being extremely agitated for two days by a very violent north wind, it was impossible, during that time, to put it in the water as usual. The third day it went into the sea, only to breathe there its last sigh.

VELUTI IN SPECULUM.

THE DRAMA.

'Tis with our judgements as our watches, none
Go just alike, yet each believes his own. POPE.

HAYMARKET.

THIS evening, July 29, a new Spectacle, in two acts, was brought forward, under the title of *The Corsair*. The following are the

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Tomar, (the Corsair) - - - - - -		*Mr. H. Johnston.*
Gagliard, (the Bridegroom) - - -		*Mr. Farley.*
Rugoso, (Father to Fiorita) - - -		*Mr. Howell.*
Julio,	Sons of Rugoso	*Master Menage.*
Frederico,		*Master Lloyd.*
Aspetazzio,		*Master Brooks.*
Leggiararo,		*Master Jenkinson.*
Quieto, (Slave to the Corsair) - -		*Mr. J. Palmer.*
Franchio,	Fishermen	*Mr. Trueman.*
Gamberio,		*Mr. Caulfield.*
Fiorita, (the Bride) - - - - - -		*Mrs. Gibbs.*
Spogliata, - - - - - - - - - -		*Miss B. Menage.*

Corsairs, Villagers, Fishermen, &c.

This ballet is a compilation, derived from many pieces of the same kind, but particularly *Oscar and Malvina*, *Obi*, *Perouse*, &c. and possesses very

little novelty or interest. It is the avowed production of Mr. Farley.

The actors acquitted themselves with considerable ability, particularly Mr. H. Johnston, the hero of the piece. There was a quickness, and a savage energy in his manner highly impressive—Farley recommended his work with great emotion and appropriate gesture. Mrs. Gibbs exerted herself with admirable effect, and displayed great theatrical powers.

The hornpipe of Miss B. Menage, *a la Parisot*, was unanimously encored by the audience, and repeated with unabated spirit. This dance was composed for her by D'Egville.

The music is fanciful, characteristic, pleasing, scientific, and grand, as may well be expected from such an able composer as Dr. Arnold.

The scene is laid in Italy, and beautifully descriptive throughout the whole piece; some of the scenes were indeed peculiarly rich, and beautiful in the colouring; and they were executed in a very finished style. The view of Mount Vesuvius, its eruption, and the flowing of the lava, is very splendid, and was well managed.

With some judicious amendments, this piece will doubtless pass off with the success that usually attend such compositions; and if the events were not rather too much like what the town has often seen, it would most probably have created a strong interest. It was well received by a numerous audience, and repeated without opposition.

The following are specimens of the songs:

CHORUS OF VILLAGERS.

Welcome love, welcome joy,
Welcome cupid, amorous boy;
Hymen now your torch prepare,
Crown the brave, and deck the fair.

DUETT.—FRANCHIO AND GAMBERIO.

Let others complain, 'tis the fisherman's pleasure,
In hail, rain, or sunshine, to search for his treasure;
Tho' dangers surround us, and tempests assail,
We defy the rough ocean, and laugh at the gale.
So our nets full of fish, we are quite in our glory,
And we sing viva viva, huzza, Pescatori.

On the banks of the bay, at the close of our labour,
Our spirits we cheer, with the pipe and the tabor,
Nor care we how early the sun hides his head,
The fire of Vesuvius will light us to bed.
So our nets, &c.

SONG AND CHORUS.

FRANCHIO AND FISHERMEN.

FRANCHIO.

Lead on, Galliardo, we swear,
This detestable foe to pursue;
To his castle we'll quickly repair,
And restore Fiorita to you.

CHORUS.

Yes, fair, thy avengers are nigh,
We swear to relieve thee, or die.

GRANCHIO.

The tyrant we swear to destroy;
In agonies he shall expire,
Who savagely baffled thy joy,
And murdered thy reverend sire.

CHORUS.

Yes, wretch, thy avengers are nigh,
We swear to subdue thee, or die.

REMARKABLE CHARACTERS.

MR. GUY, the founder of the noble hospital that bears his name in Southwark, was as remarkable for his parsimony as his public munificence.—He invariably dined alone, and a soiled proof sheet, or an old newspaper, was his constant substitute for a table cloth.

It is recorded of him, that as he was one winter evening sitting in his room, meditating over a handful of half-lighted embers, confined within the narrow precincts of a brick-stove, and without any candle, a person, who came to enquire for him, was introduced, and, after the first compliments were passed, and the guest requested to take a seat, Mr. Guy lighted a farthing candle which lay on the table by him, and desired to know the purport of the gentleman's visit. The visitor was the famous Vulture Hopkins, immortalised by Pope, in the lines—

"When Hopkins dies, a thousand lights attend
The wretch, that living, sav'd a candle's-end," &c.

"I have been told," said Hopkins, "that you, sir, are better versed in the prudent and necessary art of *saving*, than any man now living, and I therefore wait upon you for a lesson of frugality; an art in which I used to think I excelled, but am told by all who know you, that you are greatly my superior."—"And is that all you are come about?" said Guy, "why then, we can talk this matter over in the dark:" so saying, he with great deliberation extinguished his new-lighted farthing candle. Struck with this instance of economy, Hopkins acknowledged himself convinced of the other's superior thrift, and took his leave.

THE

PARNASSIAN GARLAND,

FOR AUGUST, 1801.

ALL ALONE.

(From Mrs. Robinson's Lyrical Tales.)

I.

AH! wherefore by the church-yard side,
Poor little LORN ONE, dost thou stray?
Thy wavy locks but thinly hide
The tears that dim thy blue-eye's ray;
And wherefore dost thou sigh, and moan,
And weep, that thou art left alone?

II.

Thou art not left alone, poor boy,
The Trav'ller stops to hear thy tale;
No heart, so hard, would thee annoy!
For tho' thy mother's cheek is pale
And withers under yon grave stone,
Thou art not, Urchin, left alone.

III.

I know thee well! thy yellow hair
In silky waves I oft have seen:
Thy dimpled face, so fresh and fair,
Thy roguish smile, thy playful mien,
Were all to me, poor Orphan, known,
Ere fate had left thee—all alone!

IV.

Thy russet coat is scant, and torn,
Thy cheek is now grown deathly pale!
Thy eyes are dim, thy looks forlorn,
And bare thy bosom meets the gale;

And oft I hear thee deeply groan.
That thou, poor boy, art left alone.

v.

Thy naked feet are wounded sore
With thorns, that cross thy daily road;
The winter winds around thee roar,
The church-yard is thy bleak abode;
Thy pillow now, a cold grave stone—
And there thou lov'st to grieve—alone!

vi.

The rain has drench'd thee, all night long;
The nipping frost thy bosom froze;
And still, the yewtree-shades among,
I heard thee sigh thy artless woes;
I heard thee, till the day-star shone
In darkness weep—and weep alone;

vii.

Oft have I seen thee, little boy,
Upon thy lovely mother's knee;
For when she liv'd—thou wert her joy,
Though now a mourner thou must be!
For she lies low, where yon grave-stone
Proclaims, that thou art left alone.

viii.

Weep, weep no more; on yonder hill
The village bells are ringing gay;
The merry reed, and brawling rill
Call thee to rustic sports away.
Then wherefore weep, and sigh, and moan,
A truant from the throng—alone?

ix.

"I cannot the green hill ascend,
"I cannot pace the upland mead;
"I cannot in the vale attend,
"To hear the merry-sounding reed:
"For all is still, beneath yon stone,
"Where my poor mother's left alone!

X.

" I cannot gather gaudy flowers
" To dress the scene of revels loud—
" I cannot pass the ev'ning hours
" Among the noisy village croud—
" For, all in darkness, and alone
" My mother sleeps, beneath yon stone.

XI.

" See how the stars begin to gleam,
" The sheep-dog barks, 'tis time to go—
" The night-fly hums, the moonlight beam
" Peeps through the yew-tree's shadowy row—
" It falls upon the white grave-stone,
" Where my dear mother sleeps alone.

XII.

" O stay me not, for I must go
" The upland path in haste to tread;
" For there the pale primroses grow,
" They grow to dress my mother's bed.---
" They must, ere peep of day, be strown,
" Where she lies mould'ring all alone.

XIII.

" My father o'er the stormy sea
" To distant lands was borne away,
" And still my mother stay'd with me,
" And wept by night, and toil'd by day.
" And shall I ever quit the stone
" Where she is left, to sleep alone.

XIV.

" My father died, and still I found
" My mother fond and kind to me;
" I felt her breast with rapture bound,
" When first I prattled on her knee---
" And then she blest my infant tone,
" And little thought of yon grave-stone.

XV.

" No more her gentle voice I hear,
" No more her smile of fondness see;
" Then wonder not I shed the tear,
" She would have DIED, to follow me!

" And yet she sleeps beneath yon stone,
" And I STILL LIVE---to weep alone.

XVI.

" The playful kid, she lov'd so well,
" From yon high cliff was seen to fall;
" I heard, afar, his tinkling bell---
" Which seem'd in vain for aid to call---
" I heard the harmless suff'rer moan,
" And griev'd that he was left alone.

XVII.

" Our faithful dog grew mad, and died,
" The lightning smote our cottage low---
" We had no resting-place beside,
" And knew not whither we should go---
" For we were poor---and hearts of stone
" Will never throb at mis'ry's groan.

XVIII.

" My mother still surviv'd for me,
" She led me to the mountain's brow,
" She watch'd me, while at yonder tree,
" I sat, and wove the ozier bough;
" And oft she cried, " fear not, MINE OWN!
" Thou shalt not, BOY, be left ALONE."

XIX.

" The blast blew strong, the torrent rose,
" And bore our shatter'd cot away;
" And, where the clear brook swiftly flows,
" Upon the turf at dawn of day,
" When bright the sun's full lustre shone,
" I wander'd, FRIENDLESS---and ALONE!

XX.

Thou art not, boy, for I have seen
Thy tiny footsteps print the dew,
And while the morning sky serene
Spread o'er the hill a yellow hue,
I heard thy sad and plaintive moan,
Beside the cold sepulchral stone.

XXI.

And when the summer noontide hours
With scorching rays the landscape spread,
I mark'd thee, weaving fragrant flow'rs,
To deck thy mother's silent bed!
Nor, at the church-yard's simple stone,
Wert thou, poor Urchin, left alone

XXII.

I follow'd thee, along the dale,
And up the woodland's shad'wy way:
I heard thee tell thy mournful tale
As slowly sunk the star of day:
Nor, when its twinkling light had flown,
Wert thou a wand'rer, all alone.

XXIII.

" O! yes, I was! and still shall be
" A wand'rer, mourning and forlorn;
" For what is all the world to me--
" What are the dews and buds of morn?
" Since she, who left me sad, alone
" In darkness sleeps, beneath yon stone!

XXIV.

" No brother's tears shall fall for me,
" For I no brother ever knew;
" No friend shall weep my destiny
" For *friends* are scarce, and *tears* are few;
" None do *I* see, save on this stone,
" Where I will stay and weep alone!

XXV.

" My father never will return,
" He rests beneath the sea-green wave;
" I have no kindred left, to mourn
" When I am hid in yonder grave!
" *Not one!* to dress with flow'rs the stone;—
" *Then—surely*, I AM LEFT ALONE!"

EUGENE.

A NARRATIVE FOUNDED ON FACT.

By William Case, Jun.

For a particular Detail of the unhappy Subject of the following Poem, Vide Biogr. Brit. V. I. P. 230, and Annual Register for 1759.

STRANGER, mark'st thou yon gibbet, that, peering so high,
The forest's wide tract seems to bound?
Full oft hath it startled the traveller's eye,
As, journeying this way, he hath heard the hoarse cry
Of the ravens, that hover around.

Such sounds sure would blanch Superstition's cold cheek!
The rude whistling wind's frequent gust,
That amid the thick branches sweeps shrilly and bleak--
Whilst at each dreary pause, hark! how heavily creak
The gibbet chains, canker'd with rust!

I remember the time, when the murderer there,
In the anguish of death writh'd aghast;
Thrice three summer suns have since sped their career,
And as oft times his corpse, in the winter months drear,
Hath been shrivell'd and rock'd by the blast.

But he who thus perish'd, was one (strange to tell!)
Whom science her votary hail'd,
Who to discipline youth's pliant mind knew full well,
And intent on the lore of past ages would dwell;—
Ah, how little their precepts avail'd!

When the dull-beating clock told that night was far gone,
In his chamber Eugene oft would pore
On some favorite page, whilst his lamp dimly shone,
Then, low muttering, fold his arms close, and anon
Pace with footsteps unequal the floor.

His features abroad seldom any one saw,
  His hat so o'ershaded his eye;
And suddenly oft would he silent withdraw,
To read of some blood-guilty wretch, whom the law
  Of his country had sentenc'd to die.

In the converse of friends he no pleasure could feel,
  Most irksome his days seem'd to roll;
The place whence he came he e'er strove to conceal,
But his gestures, alas! would too plainly reveal,
  That some secret press'd hard on his soul!

It was strange, that his thoughts should unvarying pursue
  A theme he dared never divulge,
Yet that one rich in talents, possess'd but by few,
Should e'er have committed aught hateful to view,
  Seem'd suspicion too base to indulge.

It chanc'd, that a rumour was spread far around
  The spot he had formerly known,
That hard by the edge of yon forest were found
A man's fleshless relics, which deep in the ground
  Some wretch had inhumanly thrown.

Ere long to the memory of some it recurr'd,
  That twice seven years then had past,
Since a friend disappear'd, nor had any e'er heard,
Even whither he went, but it oft was averr'd,
  He by violent hands breath'd his last.

Then many a circumstance rose, that implied,
  It were easy th' assassin to trace;
But he, the accused, the charge strait denied,
Though the strange words he dropt, as a bone he descried,
  Caus'd a tremor to start in his face.

When conscience his mind now began to upbraid,
  The crime he resolv'd to confess;
Eugene his accompliee he forthwith betray'd,
And added, the corps in a cavern was laid,
  And the skull fac'd the right-hand recess.

The bones, it was true, in the cave still remain'd,
Where a hermitage anciently stood;
Then Eugene was soon trac'd, for the murder arraign'd,
In the high-grated walls of a lone prison chain'd,
And adjudg'd to be hung near the wood.

—" Must this quick-throbbing frame be reduc'd then to nought,
" Whilst expos'd to the rabble's rude stare?"—
Thus he mus'd, woe-begone, then (O horrible thought!)
With a weapon, conceal'd in his dungeon, he sought
By self-murder to end his despair!

His rash effort was baffled—to prove true his fears,
He was borne to the scene of his fate,
And his skeleton now a memorial appears,
That just heaven the cries of the murder'd soul hears,
And demands retribution, though late.

April, 1081.

SKETCHES
OF
VILLAGE SCENERY.

IN AN EPISTLE TO A FRIEND.

By A. K.

FRIEND of my youth, whom each revolving year,
As time advances, only makes more dear;
If worth well try'd, if sweetness, sense refin'd,
E're claim'd the willing tribute of the mind,
Then may Eliza, in these artless lays,
Pardon the muse that fain would sing her praise.
For I have seen thee, in life's halcyon hours,
Culling, with choicest care, reflection's flow'rs;
Shunning the busy maze that thousands run—
Who, courting folly, are by vice undone.
Intent in duty's paths, secure to stray,
Through life's evanescent, and fretful day;
And I have seen thee, many trials o'er,
Anchor'd in safety, on a peaceful shore.

Long may the comforts of the world be thine,
Long thy mild radiance beam with rays divine,
And shed their influence on a rising race,
Whose opening beauties bloom with native grace,
While Edmund grateful owns, through life's career,
No days before were e're so sweet, so dear,
As those he has pass'd with thee in wedded life,
Where tender friendship best endear the wife,
And kindred souls, reflecting mutual worth,
Prove peace and virtue may reside on earth.
For me, not destin'd such delights to share,
Condemn'd to days of toil, and nights of care,
Oppress'd, I court the muse, in hopes to find
Suspended thought relieve an anxious mind;
By retrospection soften present pain,
And thus a conquest o'er misfortune gain.
Come then, my friend, in fancy let us stray,
Through those lov'd scenes that charm'd our early day,
O'er the green vista, by the valley wide,
Where Thame's majestic pours his fruitful tide;
Pay at the muse's shrine the meed of praise,
Where* tuneful Pope compos'd his polish'd lays,
And view, with tearful eye, the mournful trees,
Rear'd by his care, wave graceful to the breeze;
What tho' to dust the planter's hand is gone,
Unfading praise shall flourish round his urn—
While satire, delicate, but keen, while wit and ease,
With learning blended, have the power to please,
So long shall Pope be read, so long remain
An acknowledg'd favourite in the lists of fame.
In cloister'd state, see Damer's† mansion rise,
Whose fair dimensions please e'n critic eyes,
Enrich'd with works of art, by taste refin'd,
A just criterion of the founder's mind,
Embattled walls, with creeping ivy crown'd,
And spiral turrets throw a gloom around,

* At Twickenham, now the residence of Lord Mendip.

† Strawbery Hill, built by Horace Walpole.

There polish'd Walpole, from the world retir'd,
Enjoy'd the thoughts which such a scene inspir'd;
And there, at friendship's call, he rais'd the fane
Sacred to Clive, the laughter loving dame.
Now let us through the matchless valley stray,
And view where Richmond sits in proud array,
In sylvan beauties rich, and shelt'ring woods,
In fragrant vallies, and in silver floods,
While wondering vision does the scene survey,
The glowing landscape slowly melts away.
Transcendant Sheene,* while memory remains,
Dear to my heart will be thy charming plains,
Endear'd by childish sports, when life was new,
And wing'd by hope, the rapid minutes flew,
Ah! faithless, visionary, empty pow'r,
Pointing to bliss beyond the present hour,
Thy tissue web, in Tyrian colours wove,
Paints friendship ever firm, and constant love,
Youth grasps the promise—gay and debonair,
Nor dreams that time will melt it into air.
How sweet to stray when Luna's peerless shade,
In silvery radiance on the waters play'd,
To hear night's plaintive minstrel sweetly pour
Her melting notes along the winding shore,
Or raise the lofty swell, more sweet, more wild,
Than Orphean airs that stygean gloom beguil'd,
To caroll cheerily an artless strain,
Or join with vacant heart the village train,
That beat their eager steps, at closing day,
With honest zeal, to clap a favourite play;
Slaves to no rules, unpractis'd in disguise,
Convuls'd, with laughter roar, or melt in sighs,
As varied scenes met their astonish'd eyes.
Cold must that bosom be 'gainst feeling proof,
That can, unmov'd, retrace the scenes of youth,
Where sportivé childhood scorn'd the wizard's care,
With buoyant heart, and spirits free as air;
Or view, without dismay, and awful dread,
The well remember'd mansions of the dead,

* Shene, or Sheene, the old name of Richmond.

Throng'd with companions of their early days,
Puerile competitors for village praise;
Or see the senseless turf a cov'ring lend,
To hide the dust of parent, child, or friend,
Without exclaiming, with a fearful cry,
" Great God, how humble, and how frail am I."
Cold, I repeat, that heart, unkind, severe,
From whom, poor nature, cannot gain a tear;
Far from my breast cold apathy depart,
Give me, kind heaven, a soft and feeling heart,
To glow with transport when another's blest,
To melt in sorrow when a friend's distress'd,
To sigh when fortune frowns on modest worth,
And slowly bends the sinking frame to earth:
To pour, with tender care, and honest art,
Pity's lenient balsam on a wounded heart,
Let me act thus, from ostentation free,
And then, Eliza, I but copy thee.
How oft, my friend, to shun the noon-tide heat,
We have sought the woodbine's shadowy retreat,
Where nature sheds her sweets,* to few reveal'd,
Like modest merit, in the shade conceal'd;
The violet blooms, the cowslip decks the ground,
While thick umbrageous shades the valley bounds,
Save at those brakes, where art, though unperceiv'd,
By opening views the solemn scenes reliev'd,
'Twas there great Bacon,† near those shades reclin'd,
First stor'd with knowledge his expansive mind,
Till wild ambition all his soul inspir'd,
And still, the more he gain'd, the more requir'd,
He left the shade, despis'd the peaceful scene,
The fragrant valley, and the verdant green,
And launch'd in public life, in hopes to gain
Unfading honours, and a deathless name,
The adverse winds his ardent wishes crost,
And on corruption's coast his hopes were lost;

* Honeysuckle Grove, belonging to Owen Cambridge, Esq.

† Sir Francis Bacon Lord Verulam, inhabited the mansion now occupied by Lord Frederick Cavendish.

Ah! then, with burning heart, despis'd, betray'd,
He curst the hour that see him quit the shade,
His forune seiz'd, his reputation gone,
His spirits broken, restless, and forlorn,
Absorb'd in grief he lay, convinc'd too late,
That peace and virtue rarely dwell with state;
At length a royal grant did succour bring,
And James, for once, did as became a king,
Releas'd the sufferer, bade his sorrows cease,
Restor'd his fortunes, pour'd the balm of peace
On his declining days, and led his willing feet
To his once scorn'd, though now desir'd retreat,
Where sweet philosophy her mild beams spread,
Around her darling votary's hoary head;
Nature's vast treasures he with zeal explor'd,
Her useful metals, and her valued ore's,
Fair science smil'd, and with a graceful hand,
O'er former sorrows wav'd a poppy wand,
And grateful he own'd, in life's declining day,
This ray of comfort chac'd his cares away.
See to the left, where Percie's* seat appears,
Illustrious up a long extent of years;
For there, when superstition's sick'ning hand,
Threw murky darkness round a gloomy land,
Mistaken zeal the cheerless cloister rais'd,
And thought, by wounding nature, God was prais'd;
Nor there alone, for, in those darksome times,
A convent founded, cleans'd a soul from crimes,
Indulgences were granted, and pardons sold,
The foulest crimes were then effac'd with gold,
Till Luther† rose—blest be the glorious day—
And tore, with just disdain, the mask away;
Then reason struggled, tho' the priesthood frown'd,
While rage and malice threw their spells around;

*Sion House, the seat of his Grace the Duke of Northumberland.

† The author is sensible that Luther was not the earliest, or the only reformer.

And vicious Henry, cruel, and unjust,
Himself the slave of avarice, rage, and lust,
In faith more varying than our changeful clime,
Trampled on law, and kill'd by right divine,
While awe-struck senates, at his will, resign'd
Heaven's first best gift, the freedom of the mind,
At his command fierce persecution rais'd,
Her horrid yell, and fire and faggot blaz'd;
Yet still the enquiring mind pursu'd its course,
Opinions cannot be subdu'd by force.
Fair Sion, never more may thy domain
Wear the vile badge of superstition's reign;
Nor favour'd Albion, on her sea-girt strand,
Become the sad victim of a bigot band—
For such, 'tis said, there are from Gallia's shore,
Intend their old dominion to restore:
Where papal bulls once kept the land in dread,
While trembling kings oft bow'd their passive head;
The leaven's still the same, e'en to this very hour,
Religion is their mask—the steps to pow'r:
Trick'd out in monkish shreds, by crafty knaves,
Who preach a base doctrine, only fit for slaves.
Ah, Sion, dear to thought thy green alcoves,
Thy winding waters, and thy stately groves,
Where ariel nations find a safe retreat,
Defying winter's storms, and summer's heat;
There wandering oft, by meditation led,
I've held sweet converse with the illustrious dead:
By Homer fired, have view'd the Grecian race,
Achilles' stern brow, and lovely Helen's face—
On Andromache's distress dissolv'd in tears,
With Priam groan'd o'er noble Hector's bier—
Then, with unwearied eye, view'd nature's range,
As Thompson sung the seasons and their change—
With Milton's lofty muse astonish'd soar'd,
Through heights and depths none other e'er explor'd,
With pensive Young have mourn'd the certain doom,
Of suffering mortals hast'ning to the tomb,
By him consol'd, see love unbounded shine,
Ador'd that wond'rous pow'r, immense, divine,
That form'd, directs, supports, the vast design.

Within these walls, great Suffolk's darling child,*
Fair as the opening spring, as zephyrs mild,
Improv'd her opening mind, and lovely face,
With inward worth, and unaffected grace;
Endear'd to all, whom kindred ties had wove
Round her fond heart in gratitude and love;
No thirst of power disturb'd her equal soul,
Nor could ambition raise a wish to rule,
From hence was torn, the deed was not her own,
Trembling, reluctant, to a tottering throne,
Torn from pursuits far dearer to her mind,
Than all the glittering toys for state design'd:
Ill fated fair, could not thy tender youth,
Thy fervent piety, and steady truth,
Gain from imperial power a meed of grace?
No, sullen Mary frown'd on all thy race,
And sign'd, without remorse, the deed that gave
Such early virtue to an untimely grave.
In death you triumph'd, scorning to complain,
Firm, dignifi'd, compos'd, no dread of pain
Disturb'd thy eager hopes, intent to rise,
With kindred cherubs, to your native skies;
'Tis past, thy bliss is certain, and secure thy fame,
While cruel cruel Mary ever must remain,
A firm and eternal monument of shame.
My muse, descend from scenes of state and strife,
To sing the charms of sweet domestic life,
Where tilted greatness, shunning vain parade,
Courts sweet tranquillity in Sion's shade:
Long, noble pair, may you be spar'd, to shed
The dew of plenty round the sufferer's head,
With liberal hand, and feeling heart, to pour
Life's blessings on the hungry and the poor;
Such deeds may teach the thoughtless sons of wealth,
Luxuriant profligates of sense and health,
That folly's ample round, and fashion's maze,
Ne'er yet bestow'd the meed of well earn'd praise,
That all the wealth Peru's rich mines bestow,
All, harrowing thought, gain'd by a nation's woe.

* *Lady Jane Grey*, so well known for her piety and misfortunes.

Not regal greatness, ancesteral praise,
Though that ascended up to Cæsar's days,
Did e'er, through time's wide range, such joys impart,
As that which springs from an approving heart.
Eliza, can thy patience yet more verse sustain,
Nor deem the muse prolix, nor dull the strain;
Still I could point out many wild retreat,
Where pendent birds' nests tempt the school boy's feet:
Could paint the little cot, where peace presides,
Where friendship governs, and content resides;
Where frugal plenty each day spreads her store,
To give what nature needs, and nothing more;
What can we ask besides? what else require?
A hearty welcome, and a cheerful fire.
'Tis there, my friend, from noise and folly free,
And oft in kindness been confer'd on me.
Enough of village scenes, I close the strain,
If you approve, I have not writ in vain;
Unus'd to censure, if you can't commend,
You'll think the verse has sooth'd a care-worn friend,
And curb'd repining thought's obtrusive reign,
That rankling worm, that only adds to pain.
Farewell, my friend, whatever scenes appear,
Joyous, or sad, to mark the passing year,
Your example will each wayward wish controul,
Form'd to subdue, or agitate my soul;
And teach me to bear, through life's still varying day,
Those transient ills, that quickly pass away,
Content this state of trial to sustain,
Till nature sinks me into earth again—
Then may my soul repose, when freed from care,
With the first good, first perfect, and first fair.

London, Aug. 4.

Literary Review.

Memoirs of the late Mrs. Robinson, written by herself, with some Posthumous Pieces. In four volumes. Hurst. 1l. 1s.

THIS, though a very dear, yet may be pronounced an entertaining work. The subject of the Memoirs was on various accounts a celebrated character. Her personal beauty, and her extraordinary talents, were well known and admired. Her misfortunes also, and her connection with a certain great personage, served to heighten her celebrity. She is now, however, gone to that "bourne whence no traveller returns." Peace be to her departed spirit.

This singular woman passed through a variety of strange scenes—hence her memoir interests our sensibility, and holds forth many lessons of instruction to the female world. Neither talents nor charms can, without prudence, ensure our felicity.

The 1st volume, with a few pages of the second, contains the Memoirs of Mrs. Robinson, drawn up by herself—in the remaining part of the second the life is finished by another hand, probably that of her daughter's. The 3d includes her prose pieces, viz. the Sylphid and Jasper, together with the Savage of Aveyron, in poetry. The last volume is made up of poetical pieces, particularly, the Progress of Liberty, in two books—and, Tributary Lines, addressed to her by different friends. Such are the contents of the work. They certainly might

have been comprised in a much smaller compass—but there were ends to answer—and care, we apprehend, has been taken that these ends should be answered. We must, however, confess that our curiosity has been gratified.

Mrs. Robinson was born in 1758, at Bristol—her father, an eminent merchant there, was unsuccessful in trade—she was married before sixteen—her husband, by profession an attorney, was unfortunate, and she lived with him for some time in prison—she had recourse to the stage for subsistence, and wonderfully succeeded—here the Prince of Wales became enamoured of her, but with him she lived little more than a year; he allowed her 500l. a year for life, and a moiety to the daughter—she afterwards lived for sixteen years with General Tarleton; with him, and on his account, she caught a cold, that took away the use of her limbs, which she never recovered—she died on the 26th of December, 1800, of a dropsy in her chest, and was buried in the churchyard of old Windsor, agreeable to her own request. A monument is in contemplation, and poetical tributes of respect have been paid to her memory!

Her character was certainly mixed—but her temptations were great and numerous. Her matrimonial connection was in the first place unfortunate, and paved the way to her subsequent deviations from the path of rectitude. Of this circumstance she appears fully apprised, and sincerely regrets. Personal beauty is a snare—and often leads to an extreme degree of distress. From this biographical sketch, however, the superior advantages of virtue are evinced—it is the *only* sure parent of a rational peace, and of a pure felicity.

A Short and Comprehensive System of Classical Geography, adapted for the Use of Schools, illustrated with a new Set of Maps, collected from the last ancient Historians and Geographers. By the Rev. R. Turner, LL. D. late of Magdalen Hall, Oxford, Author of an Introduction to Geography, &c. with a Recommendatory Preface by John Evans, A. M. Master of a Seminary for a limited Number of Pupils, Pullins-row, Islington. Hurst. 3*s.* 6*d. bound.*

IN the present age great pains have been taken to aid youth in the acquisition of useful knowledge, and accordingly we are happy in pointing out volumes which are calculated to answer so valuable a purpose. Dr. Turner wrote an excellent introduction to geography; and with equal ability has he drawn up the work before us. *Ancient* and *Modern* GEOGRAPHY are here accurately laid down, with circumstances of their history, which fling an interest over the whole narrative. The young mind is perplexed with the changes which TIME has produced in the divisions of kingdoms and districts of the earth; but the present work explains them with neatness and perspicuity. The maps also are a great accession to the publication. Indeed the attentive study of this little work cannot fail of forming an admirable introduction to the perusal of the classics, which constitute an inexhaustible source of instruction and entertainment to the rising generation.

The geographical abridgement at the close of the volume, and of the *whole Aneid of Virgil* and the *Odyssey of Homer*, together with the *Travels and Voyages of Saint Paul*, must be extremely amusing to minds endued with any tolerable degree of taste and discernment. We therefore recommend this *System of Geography*, without reserve, to *all* the readers of our Miscellany.

Youth's Monitor, containing the following moral and instructive Tales; the Herdsman; Contented Hermit; Ferdinand and Henry; the Sisters. Hurst.

THE sprightliness of these tales, in conjunction with their moral tendency, commands our approbation. Its author had no reason to conceal his name; the motive was undoubtedly good; and the plan is pleasingly executed. Youth wants many admonitions to guide their steps in the paths of virtue and piety.

Sketches of some of the Southern Counties of Ireland, collected during a Tour in the of Autumn 1797, *in a Series of Letters. By G. Holmes.* Longman and Rees. 9s.

THIS is a publication of merit, and is embellished with a few charming reviews of the sister country. The author describes his tour with judgement, dwells on particular spots with rapture, and paints his scenes with a pencil dipt in the colours of the rainbow. We shall select an extract, which the reader will find in the body of our work. We were however sorry to find the writer in the preface expatiating so much on his inability; we have perceived no marks of deficiency in the letters; and therefore such humiliating expressions about his own powers should have been avoided.

Thalaba the Destroyer. By Robert Southy. 2 *vols.* Longman and Rees.

THE high character of Mr. Southy in the poetical world, leads us to expect something from his pen superior to the common run of productions. Original in sentiment and expression, we have been delighted with his Parnassian flights, and they have attracted no small degree of the public attention. The present work is not a common place production. The title conveys a terri-

ble idea, and terrible is the story from its beginning to its conclusion. Of the nature of the poem, and of the verse in which it is written, Mr. Southy remarks.

"In the continuation of the Arabian Tales, the *Dondaniel* is mentioned, a seminary for evil Magicians under the roots of the sea!

"From this seed the present romance has grown. Let me not be supposed to prefer the metre in which it is written, abstractedly considered, to the regular blank verse, the noblest measure in my judgement of which our admirable language is capable. For the following poem I have preferred it, because it suits the varied subject, it is the Arabesque ornament of an Arabian Tale."

We however regret that both the story and the verse are so very remote from the common current of events around us. We pretend not to arraign either the judgement or taste of this truly pleasing poet. But we confess, that there is here and there *such a wildness* that baffles our comprehension. We at the same time readily acknowledge that several of its parts are beautiful, and that its tendency is favourable to improvement. A poem of any length should be written in *blank verse*, it fills the ear, and makes an impression on the heart.

Letters addressed to a Young Man on his first Entrance into Life, and adapted to the peculiar Circumstances of the present Times. By Mrs. West, Author of a Tale of the Times, a Gossip's Story, &c. in 3 vols. Longman and Rees.

THAT young people stand in need of advice, and that it is the duty of every parent to give it, are truths generally acknowledged. The preacher and the moralist have strove in every age to guard youth against the numerous temptations by which they are on every side surrounded.

Moral and religious instruction are here combined and extended to the manifold departments of human life. The former is on the whole unexceptionable, the latter is professedly designed for members of the church of England. The volumes will be found useful to young people; and to all such publications we wish success.

Adventures of Musul, or the Three Gifts, with Tales. Vernor and Hood. 1s. 6d.

THE contents of this little work are marked by a proper degree of variety. Fancy has produced many ingenious stories, which will gratify youthful curiosity. Such collections are entitled to our commendation.

Memorial of the Family of Tufton, Earls of Thanet, deduced from various Sources of authentic information. Robinsons.

MANY particulars are here gathered into a volume respecting a noble family, whose rise and progress will be to many an object of curiosity. The memorialist has taken great pains, and we applaud his industry.

The Millenium, or chearful Prospects of the Reign of Truth, Peace and Righteousness, and serious Reflections on the Commencement of the new Century; two Discourses preached, the first on November 5, 1800, and the second on January 4, 1801, in the new Chapel, Bridport; with Notes, By Thomas Howe. Longman and Rees. 1s. 6d.

THESE are two excellent sermons preached on memorable occasions. The writer discovers a just acquaintance with his subject, and breathes

an ardent wish for the felicity of all mankind. We recommend the perusal of these discourses. They cannot fail of producing a good effect. The prospects suggested are of the most exhilerating tendency.

A Voyage to Botany Bay, with a Description of the Country, Manners, Customs, Religion of the Natives; also the Sequel to this Voyage; in one vol. By the celebrated George Barrington. Symonds. 3s. 6d.

THE *eastern part* of New Holland is justly become an object of our curiosity. Ten thousand miles distant from Britain, it possesses a wonderful degree of novelty; and the transportation of so many hundred criminals thither, makes us desirous of knowing their condition in so remote a region of the globe! Of these particulars Mr. Barrington informs us in an entertaining manner. His elevation to office enables him to take a more comprehensive survey of his fellow convicts, and his reformation imparts to his narrative traits of credibility. We have been amused with the performance, and we doubt not that it will prove a source of amusement to others.

Retrospect of the Political World,

FOR AUGUST, 1801.

THE present month has not been unproductive of various events, which must affect in a considerable degree the political world. The reports relative to an invasion of this country by the French are greatly subsided. Whether there ever was ground to fear from that quarter is with many a matter of doubt; and surely considering how

well we are guarded on every side, the blusterings of the enemy ought not to have given us any serious apprehension. But Lord Nelson has been commissioned to enter their harbours, and destroy their hostile preparations. Accordingly on the 8th, he did destroy many of the gun boats in the port of Boulogne. The firing was violent and incessant, the plan was well designed and ably executed. The spectators on each side of the channel were so numerous, that a French paper remarked, the water seemed like a great river, on the banks of which the two parties were contending for victory! But his Lordship was not equally fortunate in his attack on the 16th. The enemy were prepared to meet them, for the French were on their guard since the former encounter; and therefore terrible was the carnage and destruction. Lord Nelson still continues to watch the coast of the enemy, and intends to do them material injury. Of these proceedings various are the opinions, some think that his Lordship ought not to be employed on so trivial an occasion, whilst others deem the undertaking absolutely necessary to the safety of the country.

Sir James Saumarez in July last, obtained a signal victory over the Spanish fleet in the Mediterranean, the circumstances of the action were honourable to our navy, and will heighten its glory.

But the grand event by which the attention of the political world is at present absorbed, is the taking of GRAND CAIRO, an object to which our forces in that quarter have looked forward with ardent expectation. Alexandria must now fall, and then our conquest will be complete. May we make a good use of our success! We cannot conclude this article without congratulating our readers on the manner after which *Cairo* was taken; few if any lives were lost! In such circumstances

we should always rejoice; we thereby gratify the best feelings of the human heart. At the same time we hope the time will soon come, when the *Sword* shall be laid aside for ever, and PEACE shall embrace the whole world.

We close with announcing a MOST ABUNDANT HARVEST.—Corn is falling fast.—May PLENTY in conjunction with PEACE bless all mankind.

MONTHLY CHRONOLOGIST,
FOR AUGUST, 1801.

August 1. A FELLOW entered a gentleman's house at Portland Place, and finding no person in the servants hall, he took all their great coats, which were nearly new, and threw them over his shoulder. As he was making his escape, he was met by the second coachman, who enquired what he was going to do with the coats? The fellow, quite unembarrassed, replied that "he was taking them to be cleaned," as they were splashed. The coachman, believing this to be the case, said, "*Stop a little, and you shall have mine too*;" which he accordingly gave him, and suffered the fellow to depart; nor was it until some hours after that the theft was discovered.

2. As the Marquis of Abercorn was driving Lady C. Hamilton and another lady in a phæton, on the road between Stanmore and Edgware, the horses took fright, and the reins breaking, they ran against the bank with such violence, as to throw out the marquis, who was sitting on the opposite side. By this accident both his legs were broken, one just above the ancle, and the other a compound fracture at the ancle joint. The horses ran about a quarter of a mile further, and at a turning threw the ladies into a hedge, but neither

of them received any material injury. We are however, happy to learn, that the marquis is doing as well as can be expected.

4. Lord Nelson attacked Boulogne, and destroyed many of their gun vessels. The contest continued throughout the whole day—the spectators, on both sides the channel, were numerous, on this extraordinary occasion.

8. About twelve o'clock at night, as two gentlemen were passing through a lane leading to Walworth common, they were affected with piteous moans, which seemed to proceed from a small hovel belonging to a chimney-sweeper. The cries continuing, the gentlemen entered the house, when they found a poor little boy (an apprentice) suspended by the right arm from the cieling, having the left hand and leg tied together, in which painful situation the poor creature had been for some time. It was with difficulty, by cutting the rope, that the gentlemen extricated the little sufferer from his master's cruelty, who alledged for such horrible barbarity, that the boy had lost *two* or *three shillings* the preceding day.

10. A journeyman shoemaker was brought before the sitting alderman, charged by his employer with spoiling some leather, which he had given him for the purpose of making shoes. The master produced shoes made by this man, and explained to the magistrate the deception used, by marking the heels and soles with a machine, that imitated stitches, when there were actually but a very few real stitches in the shoes, so that with very little wearing they all come to pieces. Many respectable masters attended, and told the magistrate how much the trade might be injured by such a deception. The journeyman was convicted, and sentenced to three months hard labour in Bridewell.

16. Two attendants of the Turkish Ambassador passing from the Adelphi to their lodgings, were wantonly attacked by a set of blackguards, who avowed no motive for their proceedings, than that the unfortunate men were foreigners; one of them was repeatedly knocked down, his face dangerously cut, and his beard torn off in handfulls. A warrant is served against the offenders.

17. About *four hundred and seventy persons* are released from the King's Bench Prison through the late insolvent act obtained by the Earl of Moira's exertions, all of whom were loud in the praises of the Marshal, who behaved to them with the greatest liberality.

18. Sir Richard Worsley's valuable collection of antique sculpture, paintings, &c. was taken on board the Tobert, by a Spanish frigate, and carried into Malaga, where they were condemned, and are purchased for the National Museum at Paris.

19. Lord Nelson made a second, but unsuccessful attack on Boulogne, in which he had many of his men killed and wounded. The enemy had strongly chained together their gun boats, so that every attempt to take them away proved abortive.

20. A gentleman at Middleton in Suffolk, a short time since left 70,000l. for the improvement of a botanical garden. Some circumstances however rendering the bequest abortive, the executors made inquiry for the lawful heirs, and discovered them to be a poor man residing at Clapton, near Woodbridge, and the wife of a labouring man with four children at Middleton, between whom this large property is now divided.

21. While the play of DEAF and DUMB was performing at Hereford Theatre, a cause was tried before Baron Thomson, at the shire hall in that

city, by the issue of which the heir at law of a man born *deaf* and *dumb* recovered his estate situate in the country of Cardigan, South Wales.

22. Official accounts are received by Government of *Cairo* surrendering to our arms in Egypt, which most probably will prove a prelude to the expulsion of the French from every part of that far-famed and distant country.

MONTHLY LIST OF BANKRUPTS,

(From the London Gazette.)

THOMAS Mottershead, Manchester, cotton-manufacturer. James Colecom, Bow-street, Covent-garden, bricklayer. Wm. Marsden, Manchester, merchant. John Evans, Blackrod, Lancashire, victualler. W. Marsden and Chris. Tonge, Liverpool, merchants. John Brain, Bristol, dealer and chapman. Daniel Swallow, Rotherhithe, Surrey, victualler. M. Collin and T. Lewis, No. 38, Hatton Garden, Middlesex, navy agents. J. Inglish Keighly, F. Fergusson and W. Armstrong, London, merchants. G. Seagram, Tiverton, Devonshire, grocer. E. Griffin, St. Michael, in Bedwardine, Worcestershire, grocer. J. Thomas, Bathwick, Somersetshire, lodging-house-keeper. Michael Kelly, Camden Row, Middlesex, warehouseman. Robert Blessaard, Gnat Bank, Lancashire, miller. Benj. Field, Union Street, Bishopsgate Street, upholsterer. Tho. Nelson Asheton, Liverpool, merchant. Jacob Harrison, late of Philadelphia, now of Leeds, merchant. James Middlewood, Manchester, fruiterer. Geo. Collier, Shrewsbury, money-scrivener. Thomas Gilks, Warwick, cornfactor. James Horne, jun. late of Woodbridge, Suffolk, corn-merchant. T. Gore, late of College Hill, London, warehouseman.

J. Matthews, late of Gargrave, Yorkshire, dealer. H. Hardy, Snow Hill, London, card-maker. Rich. and Wm. Maddocks, Barge Yard, Bucklersbury, London, warehousemen. Thomas Toy, Penryn, Cornwall, linen-draper. Samuel French, jun. late of Hertford, mealman. Jane Galliers, St. John's Street, West Smithfield, baker. J. Wood and J. Wood, Wednesbury, Staffordshire, gunlock-makers. W. Baldwin, Wigan, Lancashire, scrivener. J. Damerum, Portsmouth, baker. W. Nunny, Langford, Somersetshire, teazle-dealer. J. Sheriff, Hatton Garden, Middlesex, merchant. James Somervail, Liverpool, merchant. Wm. Somervaille, Grange Court, Cary Street, taylor. William Day, Cheapside, man's-mercer. John Firth, Sowerby, Yorkshire, cornfactor. John Phillips, Walcot, Somersetshire, baker. Tho. Millar and James Hulme, Manchester, dealers. Joseph Clay, Batley, Yorkshire, drysalter. Tho. Brassey, Wigan, Lancashire, shopkeeper. J. Holmes and J. Palmer, Craven Street, Strand, army commission brokers. R. Maddocks, Barge Yard, Bucklersbury, broker.

BIRTHS.

Of sons: Lady Katharine Forester, at the Duchess of Rutland's, in Sackville-street; at his house at Mortlake, the Lady of J. Hawkins Whithed, Esq. Rear-Admiral of the Red, of twins; at Leixlip the Right Hon. Lady Augusta Leith. Of daughters: the Lady who was married at Rome, and at St. George's Church, Hanover-square, to his Royal Highness Prince Augustus Frederick, at his Royal Highness's house, in Grosvenor-square; at Richmond, the Countess of Glasgow; Mrs. Perry, wife of Mr. Perry, of Turnagain-lane, Fleet-market of two boys and a girl, who, with the mother, are likely to do well.

MARRIAGES.

Sir Marcus Somerville, Bart. to Miss Marianne Meredyth, daughter and sole heiress of Sir Richard Gorges Meredyth, Bart. Mr. Thomas Binless, of Basinghall-street, to Miss Jackson, of Gower-street. The Right Hon. Lord Aylmer, to Miss Louisa Call, second daughter of the late Sir John Call, Bart. Brigadier General Danner to Miss White, sister to the Right Hon. Lord Viscount Bantry, and niece to the Right Hon. Lord Viscount Longueville. At Stoneham, the seat of Hans Sloane, Esq. M. P. Joseph Jekyll, Esq. M. P. to Miss Sloane.

DEATHS.

At Carlisle, Mr. Lowthian, coach-maker. His death was occasioned by the following accident:—Looking at some persons amusing themselves by throwing the hammer, it slipped from the hand of the person who was throwing it, and taking a wrong direction, struck Mr. Lowthian on the forehead. After a few days illness, Mrs. Bagshaw, of Duchess-street, Portland Place, widow of the late Colonel Bagshaw. Major Brown, of the Leicestershire Militia. This gentleman was returning from London to join his regiment at Yaxley Barracks, and was found dead in the coach at Piggleswade. At Great Harcourt, Newfoundland, Mrs. Garland, and also her daughter, the former aged 118, and the latter 80. At his house near Bath, Viscount Barrington, aged 41. His lordship was nephew to the Bishop of Durham. At the Hot-Wells, Bristol, Lady Horatio, wife of the Right Hon. Lord Hugh Seymonr, Vice-Admiral of the Blue, &c. Frances Drake, of Halifax, aged 102. In an advanced age, at Terragles, near Dumfries, the Hon. Lady Winefred Constable, only daughter of the late Nithsdale, and relict of the W. H. M.

Constable, Esq. of Everingham, in the county of York. Lately, at an advanced age, at his seat at Bunney Park, Nottinghamshire, Sir Thomas Parkyns, Bart. father to the late Lord Rancliffe. At Ellon Castle, in the county of Aberdeen, the Right Hon. George Gordon, Earl of Aberdeen, in the 80th year of his age. His Lordship is succeeded by his grandson, Lord Haddo. By a fall from his horse, at Denton Park, in Yorkshire, James Ibbetson, Esq. third son of the late Sir James Ibbetson, and brother of Sir Henry Carr Ibbetson, of that place, barts. Mrs. Elmslie, wife of John Elmslie, Esq. of Berner-street, who on the 4th instant was delivered of her 21st child. At the Royal Naval Hospital, Plymouth, Lieutenant Burke, of the Doris, of a typhus fever, occasioned by several wounds received in his shoulder from a grape-shot, in the glorious attack on La Chevrette in the harbour of Brest. Sir William Plomer, Knight, Alderman of Basishaw Ward. He was chosen Alderman in 1772, served the office of Sheriff in 1774, and that of Chief Magistrate in 1781. At Whitby, very suddenly, Mrs. Mary Dearman, wife of Mr. Nathan Dearman, of that place, and one of the people called Quakers. Aged 56, the Rev. T. King, D. D. Chancellor of the cathedral church of Lincoln, and Rector of Bladon-cum-Woodstock, in Oxfordshire. The Hon. and Rev. P. Howard, brother to the Earl of Suffolk. At Blackheath, aged 72, the Earl of Dartmouth. In Dublin, Lord Rossmore. At Liverpool, Mr. Wild, upwards of twenty years Prompter of Covent Garden. Gen. Lord Adam Gordon, Colonel of the 1st foot.